

Week ending April 27 1957
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

Begins inside: D. M. Booy's fascinating account of his life on the

LONELIEST ISLAND IN THE WORLD

Our fight to save a river
by DOUGLAS BARWELL

COMPLETE STORIES BY
Stuart Cloete and John Salt



CONSTIPATION NEED NEVER TROUBLE YOU AGAIN... BUT...

"FAMILY DOCTOR" ISSUES A WARNING

*How to take this
important magazine's
advice*

CONSTIPATION is not something to discuss in whispers. It affects too many people, and brings too much human misery in its train.

In the opinion of many doctors, there is a complete answer to this problem—but it is *not* the "overnight" answer one tries to reach through purging.

The leading magazine of its kind, FAMILY DOCTOR (published by the British Medical Association) has distributed a poster to doctors' waiting rooms and clinics that categorically warns sufferers against purgatives.

Advising people not to rely on habit-forming remedies, this poster states: "Regular habits, adequate bulk—like cereals, fruit and vegetables—in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise will keep most people fit in this respect."

Know *how* and *why* constipation occurs, and you will understand exactly what to do to overcome this distressing complaint forever in the right way.

It's our own fault...

Study the words of "Family Doctor's" poster.

Do you get enough "regular exercise," enough "bulk in your diet"? Few of us do, nowadays.

Living in cities, under a strain, rushing our meals, eating food that is filling rather than useful, we give our inner systems little chance to perform their normal function smoothly and "regularly."

We eat too little of the kind of food that the bowels need to stimulate their daily elimination of waste-matter from the body. This is the fibrous stuff, or roughage, which doctors refer to as *bulk*.

A persistent shortage of *bulk* leads inevitably to that old complaint.

How constipation occurs

The danger area for constipation lies within the tangle of intestinal tubing (over 30 ft. in length) through which all you eat has to pass after leaving the stomach. While it is here,

its nutritive values are absorbed into the bloodstream, and what the body does not need is left behind.

With most modern diets (which are largely soft and starchy), too much of this absorption goes on, too little solid waste is left in the intestines. The residue is too small and too slippery for the bowel muscles to grip on and draw away.

Missing their exercise, these muscles get slack, and stop work. Gradually, these small deposits built up into a large deposit—and a full-scale blockage occurs. This is when we begin to notice the unpleasant signs...

Is there a right way out?

Everybody knows the distressing effects of constipation. The feeling of uselessness, a muddy complexion, headaches, even the more serious pains in the stomach and back.

Constipation is a serious condition, capable of affecting your whole constitution. It must be relieved. But how?

Living as we do today, can we

FAMILY DOCTOR says

Beware of purgatives

The constant use of purgatives does more harm than good. "Remedies" of this type, by irritating and paralysing the bowels, may actually cause constipation.

This fact was known in A.D. 100, and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since.

If you have got into the purgative habit, get out of it at once. Regular habits, adequate bulk—like cereals, fruit and vegetables—in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise, will keep most people fit in this respect. If these prove ineffective in your case, do not resort to purging—see your doctor.

Issued by Family Doctor—the magazine of better living, published monthly by the British Medical Association

act on the advice given in the "Family Doctor" poster—especially that which concerns our eating habits? Yes, indeed. Even in the most stubborn cases of constipation, a daily intake of the right amount of bulk is a very simple (and delicious!) proposition.

How a delicious cereal ends constipation forever

All-Bran, made of the rich outer layers of wheat, is almost 100% pure natural bulk. Passing through your intestines, it acts exactly like a soft sponge, removing all traces of the slippery deposits that the bowel muscles can't displace—and pushing the waste gently and safely out of the system.

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Make this simple test now

Try All-Bran for ten mornings. One packet will convince you. You will find the nutty flavour is delicious either with milk and sugar or with fruit.

Once you are really "regular" again you may prefer to add a little All-Bran to your favourite cereal.

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JOHN BULL

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR



D. M. Booy has been one of the loneliest men on earth

THE children of Farnborough Grammar School, Hampshire, get their English lessons flavoured with the salty tang of real-life geography. Their senior English master, Derrick Miles Booy, spent fourteen months in the most remote spot on earth—Tristan da Cunha, a tiny island which proudly flies the Union Jack in the South Atlantic. It was here that Booy had his first taste of teaching, for many of the islanders could not read or write. His fascinating story of life on Tristan begins on page 26.

Booy, a bachelor of thirty-five, went to Tristan in 1942 as one of a small British naval party which manned a signal station there. He found a tiny English-speaking community, primitive, poor, but utterly content, carrying on the kind of life lived in Britain in the early 19th century.

Although the lonely life suited the islanders, the sailors often found it tough going. Letters from home arrived in five-monthly batches of twenty or so.

Wartime globe-trotting has given Booy a hankering for small, remote communities. He visited another island—São Thomé, off the Gold Coast, and would like to visit Pitcairn, where the Bounty mutineers settled, to compare it with Tristan. But he dislikes the idea of going as a tourist. "I would meet only the respectable and the conventional," he says. "When I was a sailor, a knife-throwing South American was one of my most loyal friends."

DOUGLAS BARWELL spends every weekend in the fight to save the Avon that he writes about on page 14. Quite often, he says, people taking quiet walks along the river bank stop to watch the parties of volunteers busily hammering, hauling and navvying at the decaying locks. "It's quite astonishing how the British cannot resist rivers. The next thing we know is that total strangers are working at our sides. A little while later they're borrowing or hiring dinghies, then they buy their own, then they hire cabin-cruisers and finally they're saving like mad to buy their own cruisers."

Barwell admits that he has always found the river irresistible. His interest started when he was a boy and his father built canoes that the family sailed on the Avon. Now fifty-one and a company director, he has two sons who are learning to love the river. Robin, who is eight, joins the weekend working parties—"usually to find a job involving a pot of paint." Barwell's wife Betty is interested in gardening and, "with a whole gang of wives," is building new gardens at Strensham and Wyre Locks.

Because of the Lower Avon Navigation Trust's work, Barwell's twenty-seven foot cabin-cruiser North Star can now sail almost twenty miles up the river from Tewkesbury. Barwell is looking forward to the day when the North Star can make the complete journey from Tewkesbury to Evesham. "But that," he says, "won't be until some kind person gives us £15,000 to finish the job."

Proprietary Scotch

A proprietary Scotch is a brand of whisky owned and marketed by the blender or distiller. Gilbey's have their own distilleries in the heart of the Glenlivet district of the Highlands, with access to the unbelievably soft waters of the Scottish peat moors, and it is here that Spey Royal — one of the great proprietary whiskies — has been made for nearly 100 years.



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Free Speech

- Are we fools to buy our own house?
- How metermen fritter away time
- Selling flowers by twopenny tricks

INSTEAD of pleading with the local council for a house, my husband and I saved up a deposit for one of our own. Now we pay our monthly "rent" to a building society.

But friends who successfully pleaded for council houses are now laughing at us as we struggle to pay our monthly cheques and to keep our property in good repair.

Their rents are much less than our mortgage repayments so they have television, holidays abroad and new cookers. We have none of these things and our paying-back period has already been increased three times.

Does it matter that our friends will not own their houses when they are old? Perhaps we are fools for trying to maintain our independence and wasting the opportunities that money could give us while we are still young. —MRS. N. LESSEY, North Baddesley, Southampton.

Back To School

I think far too much emphasis is put on keeping physically fit as one gets older instead of on remaining mentally alive.

A friend's father, who is eighty-two, has taken up bio-chemistry at the local technical college, and a housewife I know who hasn't attended a class since she left school at the age of fifteen has begun studying French at the age of seventy-one.

They're both getting a great thrill out of their newly acquired knowledge—and in all ways they seem years younger. —MRS. RITA UDALL, Langley, Buckinghamshire.

Chivalry Exposed

I can't understand why women complain about men not offering up their seats in buses and trains. When a man offers his seat to me I always refuse unless I have to accept to avoid embarrassing him.

It seems to me that there can be only three good reasons for offering



a seat to a woman: She looks ill; she looks old—or she looks enticing. What housewife really wants men to think these things of her? —MRS. K. JOHNS, Bridgend, Glamorgan.

Not Liable

Much has been written about Britain's merchant navy and its good work. But when my brother had an accident aboard his ship during stormy weather—he broke his leg, knee-cap and ankle—he found that he was entitled to his wages for only eight weeks because his injuries had been caused by "an act of God" which exempted the shipping company from liability.

I certainly wouldn't blame the merchant seamen if they came out on strike. I don't know what they pay union dues for. —MRS. N. HALLIDAY, Morecambe, Lancashire.

"They pay them for free legal protection, among other things," says the National Union of Seamen, "and if a man was being exploited in any way the union would certainly take the case up. But unless an employer

is negligent he is no more responsible for injuries to his employees than are employers ashore. The union allows injured seamen £1 10s. a week accident benefit for twelve weeks, and they are entitled to all the National Insurance benefits."

Sharing The Churchyard

When passing through the lovely little village of Alvingham, Lincolnshire, I noticed that it had two

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

PERCY THROWER

PRESENTS AN INFORMATIVE
DETACHABLE GUIDE TO...

**A LOVELY GARDEN
FOR THE REST
OF THE YEAR**

Also two great new serials

Further details on page 24.

churches in one churchyard. I asked two villagers why but neither could tell me the reason. —A. YELLAND, Meersbrook Road, Sheffield.

One is Alvingham Parish Church; the other is a former chapel which belonged to a monastery in the twelfth century. This chapel became the parish church of nearby North Cockerington when its own parish church fell into disrepair. The churches are about ten yards apart, and joint services are held for the two congregations in each church on alternate Sundays.

Time-wasting Meters

Why do we still allow gas and electricity men to visit our homes every quarter to read the meters? Both undertakings are nationalised and surely one pair of eyes is enough.

It's time, too, that meters in new houses were built with the dials opposite a glass panel so that they could be read from outside. Thousands of man-hours a year are wasted in this area alone by metermen visiting houses that are temporarily unoccupied. —R. ROPER, Worthing.

Call Of The Wild

I smile when people talk about the hardships of life in the country.

We live eighty miles from the nearest city and our bath water is piping hot all day. It is heated by a stove which takes a huge log so that it doesn't have to be constantly replenished. Give us the wide open spaces and you can keep the rush of city traffic, the smoke and dirt, and all the other "amenities" of civilization. —ELLEN RYAN, P.O. Wedza, Southern Rhodesia.

Scented Salesmanship

Rex Grizell's article ("Selling Through The Nose," JOHN BULL, March 16) reminded me of a hawk who was always coming into my shop some years ago to buy twopenny bottles of scent.

One day I asked him what he did with them. "I sprinkle it over my potted plants," he said. "When the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



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EXCLUSIVE ROLLER-COMB SHAVING REMOVES **ALL** YOUR BEARD

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

women smell 'em they sell like hot cakes."—MRS. F. LUHR, Mitcham, Surrey.

Help For Tourists

When travelling in France I noticed that signs are used to identify any rivers which the road crosses as well as the villages and towns. This is very helpful to tourists and might be adopted with profit in Britain.—MRS. R. A. NICKSON, Kearsley Road, Manchester.

Colourful Alphabet

Like Loretta Powell, of Battersea ("Free Speech," April 6), I think of years, weeks and hours as running from left to right. But since childhood I have also seen the alphabet, figures and names in individual colours.

My H and N are always brown, E is yellow and L grey. These colours merge in my mind when I think of the words they form, so that the name Helen, for example, has an overall effect of light brown.—MARGARET KOWAL, Lawson Street, North Shields, Northumberland.

. . . I always picture everyday articles as male or female. Forks are girls, but knives are men. Odd numbers like three and seven are male but the even numbers are female.

Most of this goes back to my early training in French, but I find that pupils I teach have their own ideas about this. One girl thought that the sun should be feminine because it was red.—MRS. YVETTE SMITH, Queen's Road, Portsmouth, Hampshire.

Destructive Sunlight

I have lived in houses in various parts of the country and have found that curtains and paintwork getting the morning sun fade much quicker than those getting an equal amount of afternoon sun. Is morning sunshine stronger? — E. J. Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire.

"There are many factors which could weaken sunlight towards the afternoon," says a meteorologist. "One is the increasing pollution of the atmosphere in industrial districts as the day wears on."

Cars In A Church

In Peterborough there is a fine Wesleyan Church which is now a motor showroom. In nearby Market Deeping, and in Whittlesey just over the Isle of Ely border, Wesleyan chapels are Masonic Temples.

And in Jersey a magnificent church has recently become an electrical and hardware showroom.

Is the Wesleyan denomination dwindling? If so, many of us non-conformists in other denominations

will regret it, because Wesleyanism stands for robust singing and strong, militant Christianity.—P. J. R. BOYD, Peterborough, Northamptonshire.

"They are still militant and still singing," says the Methodist Conference Office. "But in 1932 the Wesleyan Methodists, the United Methodists and the Primitive Methodists joined to form the Methodist Church as it is known today. A few churches were later closed down where it was found that two or more were too close together."

Sitting Duck?

Horse riders in London's Rotten Row may be proud of their appearances, but the reactions of a motorcyclist I saw recently take some beating.

He and his brand new two-stroke joined a queue for petrol, a handsome pair indeed. When he caught sight of



his reflection in the garage window he bounced on his seat a few times to improve his position; parted his hair and sneaked another look at his reflection.

I was amused to see a healthy flush creep slowly up his face when he noticed me looking at him. Then I thought: Ah well! I was young once.—MRS. G. M. S., Cardiff.

Blue Studies

When most people finish their daily jobs they are free to go home to relax and do whatever they wish. Schoolboys like me must continue studying until a late hour on top of a hard day's studying at school. Yet we get no pay.

People should think again before saying: "Schooldays are the happiest days of your life."—G. L. WILLIAMS, Cwmbach, Aberdare, Glamorgan.

False Economizing

Having given up work and become a full-time housewife after twelve years of marriage, I now realize that I could have worked about half the time for half the wages and been as well off financially at the end.

Much of my extra money went on laundry, charwomen, more expensive "time-saving" food, extra clothes and cleaning bills. More went on expensive redecorations that could have been a pleasure and a hobby had I had time to do them myself.

Young couples often think that the wives should work for a time until they get all they want. But nobody ever reaches that happy state.

It's better to settle for a lower income with plenty of time to think

THE COVER

AND why shouldn't the animal have breakfast with the rest of the family? Well, there is that old convention about not begging at table and eating between meals . . . but that isn't likely to stop these two staunch allies. Once Father has got to the sports page it should all be quite simple. . . . Though if the youngster in Chittock's cover is to remain in the catering business for long he'll be well advised to wipe that angelic look off his face. If Mother sees it, she'll guess what's going on without any help from the furious wag of that tail.



about the most enjoyable ways of making economies.—Mrs. O. A. COWAN, Blackstock Road, Finsbury Park, London.

Peace Offering

I have always assumed that sparrows pecked off the heads of spring flowers ("Free Speech," March 30) for want of moisture.

For many years now, bowls of water placed near my plants have never failed to check the habit.—F. WORT, Greyfriars Lodge, South Ascot, Berkshire.

... Today I found a blown-down nest. It was neatly lined with crocus petals, yet out of the various colours available in nearby gardens only the bright yellow petals had been used.—Mrs. L. MARTIN, Graham Street, Airdrie, Lanarkshire.

TV gardening expert Percy Thrower, who comments on this week's prize-winning hints on page 33, says that most gardeners have their pet theories about flower-pecking. He thinks that birds go for nectar as well as for the moisture, because primulas beside a stream in his own garden also suffer.

Office Obeisance

Back in an office after several years at a factory bench, I am astonished to find that the practice of calling immediate superiors "Sir" persists.

I agree that respect and courtesy towards one's boss are desirable. But



the use of "Sir" implies an out-dated master-slave relationship, and I suspect that it is highly embarrassing to many office chiefs.—R. P., Birmingham.

Three-eyed Swarms

Your correspondent, A. Trevanion, says that Sphenodon tuatara lizards are the only living creatures with three eyes ("Free Speech," March 30).

In my garden there are about half-a-million three-eyed creatures flying happily about and far from being extinct. I refer to the genus of Hymenopterous insects, Apis mellifica—better known as the honey bee.—A. CARTWRIGHT, Lower Withington, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

"This is true of several species of insects," says the Natural History Museum. "As well as its two compound eyes, the honey bee has a group of three simple eyes on top of its head. These are believed to distinguish between light and dark and to record coarse images of very close objects."

Under The Influence

What is the matter with Great Britain? We follow the leader with "pop" singers, rock 'n' roll, commercial TV and car styles which confuse the onlooker about which way the cars are going.

But, worst of all, an attempt was made to Americanize the Boat Race.

Why must we copy other people? If we're no longer capable of setting an example to the world, at least let's be original.—H. E. JENKINSON, Hill Street, Rugby.

Schools For Scandal?

Most housewives could finish their jobs by lunch-time on four days a week at least. But what with chats to the baker, the milkman and Mrs. Next Door, I can see why they still have work to do when we husbands get home at tea-time.

Most of them shop daily instead of twice a week and turn this half-hour chore into a two-hour gossip.

Recently I was told three different versions in three shops of an event

of which I had intimate knowledge—and they were all wrong.

Women also hum and haw at the counters, not knowing what they want, although I'll bet the shopkeepers could tell them.

And to crown it all these women have to rush to get home before their husbands, and then they say how busy they have been and tell the husbands what to do to help them to finish.

If talking were working, women would win every time. No wonder they want more women M.P.s.—R. E., Exeter, Devonshire.

Cutting Remarks

What a fuss was made before the war when new bacon slicing machines began to appear which provided slices to a thickness chosen by the customer!

Now bacon is all ready-cut on number seven, and I find it practically impossible to get most grocers in my district to cut slices on number four. I think these thin slices cook quicker, taste nicer, are much preferred by small children, and seem to go farther.—Mrs. L. DAVIES, Caterham Drive, Old Coulsdon, Surrey.

"Many of the smaller shops will still cut to choice, but requests for numbers other than seven are rare these days," says a grocer. "Most customers prefer the quicker service."

Cruelty To Adults

As a welfare officer, I occasionally get complaints of gross neglect of wives by husbands and of husbands by wives.

In a recent case an invalid wife was left alone without food or care for many hours every day. The husband refused either home help or nursing services.

If he neglected a cat or dog in this way he could be prosecuted, but there seems to be no law to prevent wilful neglect of adults.—J. D., Hertfordshire.

"There are laws to protect animals and children because they can't protect themselves," says a lawyer. "It is difficult to comment on the case quoted without knowing the full facts, but if the wife was suffering a doctor could have her removed for treatment and the husband could then be made to maintain her."

Costly Gold

A batch of sovereigns is again being minted which will go into stock and not be available to the public. These new coins are eleven-twelfths pure gold and currently worth about £3 5s. each.

Taking the cost of production into consideration, surely there would be more point in stocking the gold itself.—L. A. W. C., Antrim, Northern Ireland.

"The gold would be worth only about £2 17s. as bullion," says the Royal Mint, "but these small batches of sovereigns are usually struck so that the craftsmen capable of such precision work will not lose their skill. We pride ourselves on our ability to make coins to any specification."

Down On The Aerial?

I always thought that broken TV aerials were caused by high winds. Now I know better.

Recently I saw a swan flying low over some fields. It rose a little to clear a row of houses but didn't go high enough and down came the top half of a TV aerial. With barely a second's hesitation, the swan flew on.—G. VINER, Barnfield Road, St. Albans, Hertfordshire.

"Swans frequently hit telegraph wires too," says an ornithologist.

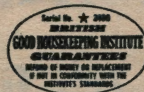
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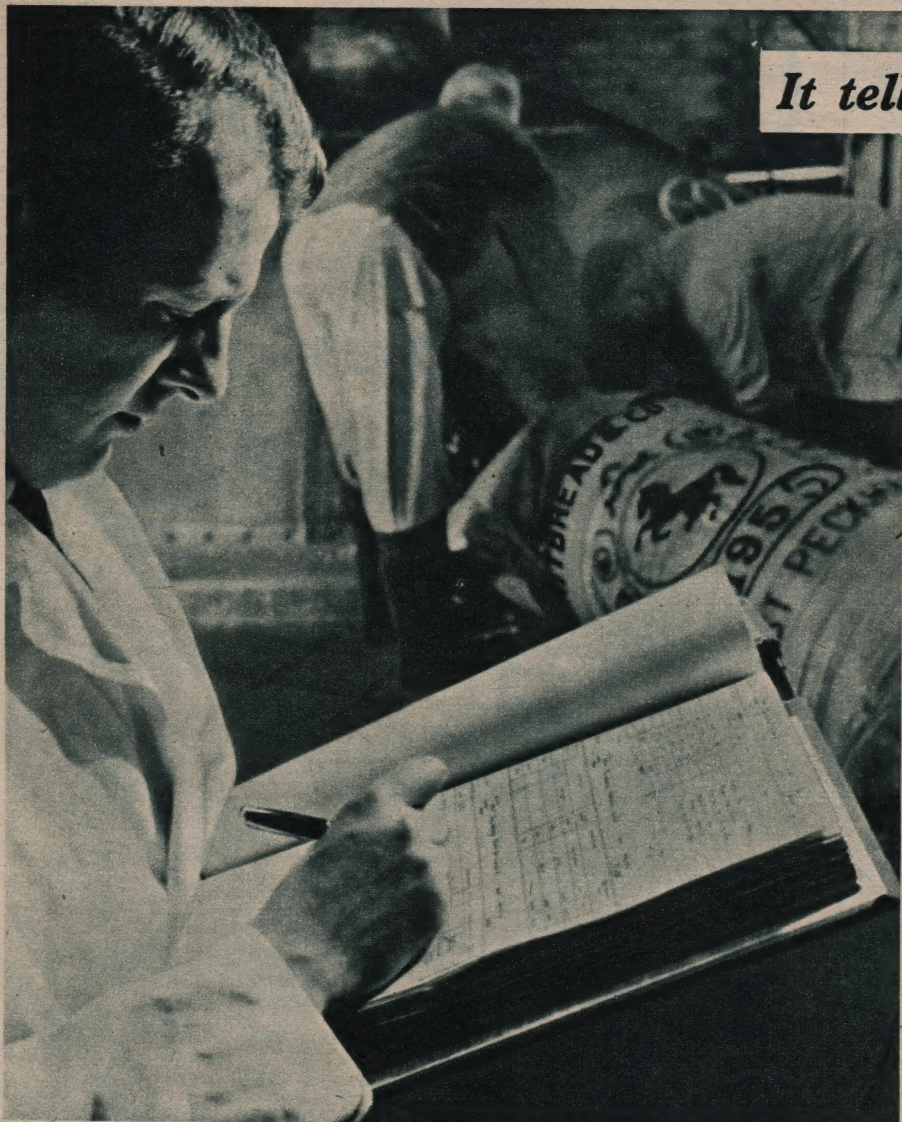
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A LADY CALLED BRAZIL

by **STUART CLOETE**

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

She liked Freddy... a nice boy. But it took a man to deal with the roughstuff

BRAZIL WESTON was a big, fair woman with blue eyes. You could see she'd been a rosebud once, pink and white and cuddly, but now she was blown, like a rose that's nearly ready to lose its petals. But she had a good heart. Many was the man she'd helped when he was broke or sick. And she had a good head for business, too.

Her real name was Mary, but everyone called her Brazil because that was where she'd been born—in Rio. She'd come to Jo'burg in the early days with her dad and had met Big Ben Weston. A barmaid she'd been, but respectable—which was rare in those days—and he was a miner who'd done pretty well. Used to drink his money till she took him in hand, and when they married they moved to a small place near Barberton and built The Miner's Arms Hotel.

From the old country Ben was, and he liked the sound of the name. The Miner's Arms sounded good to him, like "pub" in England. But he put in some innovations—for instance, the big mirror behind the bar that ran its whole length; and the high door and the wide steps that led into the lobby.

Ben didn't want anything mean or little in

"Tell me," she'd say to Black John, "about that time you shot three lions with three shots..."

the Arms. The big door meant a big welcome. The lobby was just an extension of the bar, but it was cosy with chairs and tables.

Things went well for them. Brazil knew the business and Ben knew the miners, being one himself. He even took up a claim or two in the district to keep his hand in, and no one could have been more popular. It showed, too, in the way everyone came around and helped Brazil when Ben died. Fever, it was.

Brazil went to pieces for a week. They had no kids, and Ben was her baby. He was all the world to her. Everyone thought she'd sell up and clear out, but not her.

"No," she said. "Ben loved the Arms. He made it and loved it and he's lying here buried, so I'll stay with him."

She was much respected for it, and the boys saw that there was no roughstuff at her place.

Respectable, the Arms was, a home from home, with the big mirror, the brass spittoons that were polished every day, and the tablecloths in the lounge that had little fuzzy balls all round the edge.

Naturally enough, many men courted Brazil. She was a fine, big woman with money in the bank, some nice little claims that were now being worked for her on shares; and the Arms, which was a goldmine in itself. Yes, she had plenty of askers, but she wasn't taking anyone.

"I got my memories, and the Arms," she said. . . .

The most persistent of her courtiers was Fred Barker, a small, quiet man who came to the Arms every evening and just sat around.

"Get used to me, Brazil," he said. "That's the idea. Let the flash chaps come. Yes," he said, "they come and they go. But old Fred's always here."

"Yes, Fred," she said. "And it's nice to see you here. Part of the scenery, like."

"You'd miss me?"

"If you weren't there? Yes, Fred. I'd miss

you—like I'd miss those three spittoons when I come in and look around."

"That's it," Freddy said. And he was satisfied that way. He had time; plenty of it.

Freddy had been a transport rider. He'd made a bit and had retired to a little farm just outside the *dorp* where he grew vegetables and truck stuff. He had three good boys. The soil was fertile and things grew pretty well by themselves.

Every day he brought vegetables to the hotel in his old Cape cart, put up his horses and then sat around. He liked to watch people, to listen. It amazed him the way people could talk, the things they knew.

He was not much interested in the hotel or in the money or the gold claims. It was Brazil he wanted—the great big golden woman who stood taller than he.

Freddy was forty years old and had never been in love before. While Ben was alive, he had come just to look at Brazil, to watch her moving so deftly among the bottles. Now, with Ben gone, he knew that he had always loved her, that she was the beginning and end of everything as far as he was concerned.

ONE other thing he knew, though he did not know that he knew it, was men. He understood the workings of their minds, could guess what they would do next. His knowledge came from his understanding of livestock.

Men had the same characteristics as the oxen he had handled for so many years. That was the trick that made a good transport rider; the mating up of his team into pairs, the leaders, fast and nervous, setting the pace, the best and biggest beasts that you could rely on at the pole, the lazy ones nearest the whip, where you could get at them.

And then there were the wicked ones, the bad ones, the killers, just as there were among men. You could recognize them, too. You could tell them by the way they behaved. When you moved in the herd, they did not turn away like the others, but faced you with watching eyes.

Yes, there were plenty of bad men about in those times—robbers, hold-up men, tricksters, men who had committed murder and got away with it. When they came in, Freddy watched them. *She*—he called her that in his mind—must have no trouble. That became his function—to stand between her and trouble, if it came.

Real bad men seldom came to the Arms. They went to the Standard, which kept three barmaids imported from Jo'burg to lighten the resting hours of the clients and relieve them of any unnecessary gold dust they might have in their pockets. But every now and then one did show up. When that happened, Freddy never took his eyes off him.

Then there were the others, not first-class bad men, but lively: troublemakers, fighters, boasters, braggers, noisy men who intimidated the regulars.

Black John was one of them. No one knew his real name. He was big, with black hair and dark eyes that flashed when he was in drink. He had an enemy called Fat Charlie, and he never stopped saying what he would do to Charlie if he caught up with him.

"Skin him," he shouted. "Boil him in a pot and eat his liver."

No one quite knew the rights of the quarrel, but it was believed that there was a woman in it, because Fat Charlie was just as vehement about the fate that Black John would suffer when he came up with him. By some accident they always missed each other when they came

Jan threw the skey up and it twisted in the air. Freddy fired, and saw his target jump away. Before it fell, he had hit it again



to town to exchange their gold dust for whisky, women and song. But there was a lot of talk about them and about what would happen when they did meet. It worried Brazil, because she hated fights.

"I don't want it in here, Freddy," she used to say. "It" meant gun-fighting. Both Black John and Fat Charlie were quick on the draw. "A home from home, that's what Ben wanted here," she said, "and that's what it's damn well going to be, or my name's not Brazil Weston."

"That's it, dear," Freddy would answer. "A home from home, and that's what it is."

Then she'd go back to shining up the glasses—she wouldn't leave that to a Kaffir—or to polishing the big mirror. Sometimes she thought she saw her Ben's broad back reflected in it when she turned towards it suddenly from the scales where she weighed the dust the miners plumped down or poured into it from little rawhide bags that they carried in their pockets.

Freddy used to like to watch her doing that—the gold no more golden than her hair.

"A golden girl, that's what you are, Brazil," he'd say.

"Golden my eye, Freddy." But she liked it just the same.

"That's the only brass I want," he'd go on. "That's me. Now the other chaps, they want the other sort, with you chucked in."

"Like a pound of tea." Then she'd laugh. She had a loud, happy laugh, because she'd got over Ben a bit by now. She never forgot him, but the memory of him didn't hit her quite so hard. . . .

Now, some men make love with flowers, but Freddy was a practical man. He did it with vegetables. Almost every day he'd bring Brazil something special: a big pumpkin, a specially curly squash, some early tomatoes, a melon, a mess of green peas. "For you, Brazil. For you. Special, and not on the bill."

"Thank you, Freddy," she'd say, taking the offering. "I'm sure I don't know what I'd do without you."

"That's the idea, ducks. That's the way I want it."

"Is it, Freddy?"

"And do you know something?"

"What?"

"I want to be a habit."

"A habit," she laughed. "That's good, that is."

"And what's your habit, Brazil?"

"My habit, mister? My bad habit. Why, it's my lord and master, little Freddy Barker." She went off into more peals of laughter.

"Like golden bells," Freddy said.

"What is?"

"You, when you laugh. It's like silver and golden bells."

"Heavenly bells, Freddy. That's me." She picked up a glass and held it to the light, breathed into it and polished it with her apron. "Dirty, that's what those boys are. But you're a good boy, Freddy."

"Yes," he said, "I am that, and the woman that gets me's lucky. No harm in me at all."

She leaned over the bar and patted his hand. "That's right," she said, "a good boy."

And that's the way it went; a slow, steady thing, without excitements. A quiet one, Freddy was, but too quiet for Brazil: just nice; a good boy; a safe boy. She called all the men boys.

She was beginning to feel motherly about Freddy. But you needed a man to run a hotel. It was hard by yourself. He must have go, have brains. There were problems—money, staff, customers, repairs. Lord, there was a lot of

man's work to do. And besides, she needed a man herself, being a fine woman.

It was about this time that Black John started coming to the Arms. He behaved very well, too, spent freely, and stood drinks with his foot on the rail of the bar. He talked to anyone who was there. But he was really talking to Brazil: charming her.

"Like a bloomin' rabbit with a snake," Freddy said to her one day when he'd gone: "That's what you are."

"Me a rabbit!" Brazil had never heard him speak like that. *Love*, she thought. *He really loves me. He's jealous.* After that she listened with wide blue eyes to Black John.

"Tell me, John," she'd say. "Tell me, John, about that time you shot three lions with three shots and how you rode the big horse that no one else could get near."

And he'd tell her, while Freddy and the

others listened. Sickening, it was. Lies. Such lies! And she swallowed 'em all, wide-eyed, open-mouthed. "Why, I wish I'd seen that, John. Oh, I do wish I'd been there."

"Pity you weren't," he said. "Then you'd have seen the kind of chap I am. A man." And he looked down at Freddy.

"Looking at me, John?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"No reason, except that I don't like it."

"Now, boys," Brazil said, "no quarrels. Home from home, this is. . . ."

Next day Freddy came late. Black John was standing in his usual place.

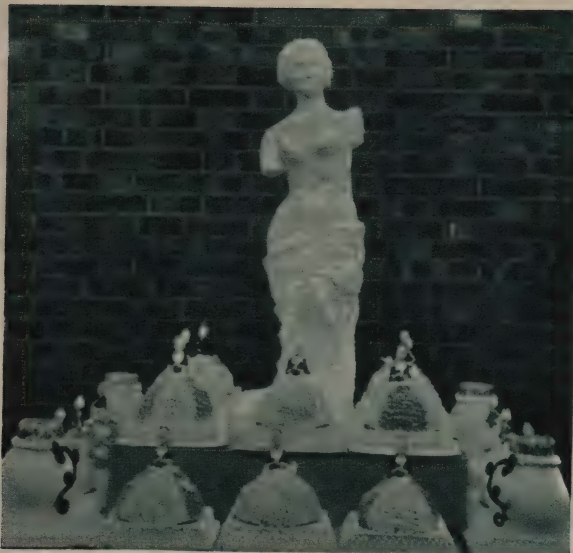
"Evening, all," Freddy said. Then he said: "John, I got something to show you."

"What can you show me?"

"This," Freddy said, and he stood in the doorway with a gun in his hand. "Don't

Continued on page 37





When the Bertorellis made a Venus in ice cream, it was photographed under lights and started to melt

For dessert, Venus de Milo

by DON EVERITT

The Bertorelli brothers fashion marvels in ice cream. They sent a dragon to a party and made a feast out of Diana Dors

IN thick woollen clothing and duffel coats, Leo and Remo Bertorelli went into the refrigerated room. The thermometer registered twenty degrees below zero. On a table stood a column of ice cream, four feet high, two feet thick. With knives, forks, spoons and other assorted tools, the two men began to hack into it.

Night after night they worked in the room. They kept their hands warm by dipping them periodically into pans of hot water. After two weeks they had sculpted the ice cream into a copy of the statue of the Venus de Milo.

Through the centre of the statue ran a metal cylinder. The Bertorellis filled this cylinder, and surrounded the statue, with carbon dioxide ice to keep the ice cream frozen. Then they took it by road from their ice-cream factory in South London to a West End hotel: that night the statue was to appear as a surprise centre-piece at a dinner.

Unfortunately, newspaper photographers heard of the Bertorellis' unusual piece of sculpture and, before the dinner, went to the hotel to take photographs. The heat from the lighting equipment started to melt the statue before the Bertorellis could rescue it.

The brothers packed it desperately in the

carbon dioxide ice again but at the dinner Venus drooped and showed unbecoming rolls of fat in the unlikeliest places. Ever since, her creators have included photographers in their list of occupational hazards.

Leo and Remo Bertorelli describe themselves as continental ice cream specialists. They make 126 varieties, including some of the most expensive ice cream on the market. They regularly sculpt in ice cream for special occasions. They supply many of London's leading department stores, hotels, restaurants and clubs. In little more than four years they have built an international reputation as ice cream experts.

When an American manufacturer sought a recipe for an uncommon ice cream known as spumoni, the British Ice Cream Alliance sent his request to the Bertorellis. Leo says: "The ingredients are fresh cream, sugar, eggs, fruit, nuts and liqueurs. The secret lies in the making. We told the American in confidence."

Last year, representatives of a national chain of restaurants in India visited the Bertorelli plant in High Street, South Norwood, and later made an attractive offer to the brothers for advice on how to make and market ice cream. In June, Remo, at thirty-eight the elder brother, left with one of his refrigeration

engineers for New Delhi. He expects to return home in several months' time. Meanwhile, twenty-nine year old Leo, a man with a handsome Latin profile and an excess of nervous energy which keeps him constantly afoot, has sole charge of the Norwood factory.

Where ice cream is concerned, both brothers have an abiding and at times lyrical fervour. At a meeting of manufacturers in Scarborough, Remo declared that it was time that ice cream "stood on its own feet" and "took the stage as a solo performer, not as a substitute for custard." Leo classifies pieces like the ice cream Venus as works of art. "You can sculpt and model in ice cream. It has the properties of rock and of clay. It is unfortunately a more transient medium than most."

THE Bertorellis have fashioned in ice cream subjects ranging from cars and aeroplanes to dogs, football boots and foxes. For one celebration they prepared sausage and egg, fish and chips and spaghetti, all in accurately coloured ice cream. For a twenty-first birthday party, they fashioned a motor scooter, almost to full scale, with operating front and rear lights. When John Mills, the actor, ordered a special gâteau for a party he gave to the cast of the film *The Baby And The Battleship*, the Bertorellis made him a three-foot battleship.

"We try to use nothing but ice cream in the models," says Leo. "Sometimes, we do have to build them on to metal frames for additional support, and when we cannot produce exact colours in ice cream we achieve the final effect with coloured creams. For particularly delicate parts of a structure, such as the handlebars of the motor scooter, we have to resort to chocolate."

A comparatively modest made-to-order gâteau, perhaps a merry-go-round occupying a cubic foot, costs about £12. The Bertorellis' biggest creation so far cost the customer £70. The order came from an American air force base in this country. A general with the nickname Black Dragon was about to return home. For the farewell party, his fellow officers ordered from the Bertorellis a specially designed gâteau providing a thousand portions of ice cream.

"We decided to sculpt a dragon's head with a jet aircraft just in front of its open jaws," says Leo. "We had troubles from start to finish. First, we could not get the wings of the aircraft to hold up; ice cream really needs to be worked in masses, not in slender columns and arms. In the end, we had to put some ice cream cloud under each wing."

"When we finished the model we found it had grown much larger than we had planned. It measured five feet by three by two, and we could not get it through the door of the



Leo Bertorelli tests for flavour. . . . "Our wastage in the experiments is terrific"

Ice cream only is used in most models, but for certain colours cream is sometimes added



The Bertorellis provided "Diana Dors" for the British ice cream festival held last year

Remo Bertorelli working in thick clothing in a refrigerator to make the Dors model



refrigerator. We had to saw it in half and join it together again when we got it outside."

In sculpting statues of living people, Leo Bertorelli finds that "creating the illusion of likeness is half the battle." He achieved this with a three-foot-high model of Diana Dors by dressing it in an ice cream mink bikini. "With the long blonde hair to match, who else could it have been?"

The Bertorellis had much greater difficulty in obtaining a satisfactory likeness when they modelled a senior American officer in a golfing pose. "We had only a sketch and a tiny snapshot to go by. I had my doubts about the final result, but the officer depicted was tickled pink."

Leo and Remo Bertorelli are members of a family of noted London caterers. "My father and three uncles, who are all co-directors in the ice cream concern, came to this country in the early part of the century," says Leo. "Two of the brothers came from their homeland, Italy, and two from the United States, where they had emigrated earlier. They set up as restaurateurs." Today, the senior Bertorelli brothers have three restaurants in London.

In 1947, Leo and Remo came out of the army and the family found itself with "two sons to spare." Leo says: "It was difficult to know what to do with us. Then someone had the bright idea of putting us in the ice cream trade. After all, we knew absolutely nothing about it. . . ."

Leo and Remo took over the South Norwood

concern, installed new equipment and aimed at the mass retail trade. In 1950, however, the family had differences of opinion about running the business and both Leo and Remo resigned. Leo went to work in an hotel; Remo became manager of a large ice cream plant.

In 1952, the family settled its differences and the brothers returned to the ice cream business on their own terms. "We had decided that we could not hope to beat the big national firms at their own game and that, therefore, we would specialize in high quality ice cream in the London area.

"We reduced our staff from about forty to fifteen, gradually trimmed out the retail trade and developed into wholesalers. In the first year, our turnover was about £1,000 a month. This year, it will be at least £5,000 a month."

BESIDES the commoner flavours of ice cream, for which they use fresh eggs, milk, cream and, when necessary, fresh fruit, the Bertorellis produce torrone (containing rich honey and nuts), praline (crushed almond toffee), tutti frutti (fruits, nuts and liqueurs), ices flavoured with marsala, rum and butter, maple and walnut, and cassatas, gâteaux, pies and bombs containing mixtures of ice creams, fruits, nuts, meringues, chocolate and water ices.

Leo believes that in time he and his brother will be able to produce ice cream in every food flavour, including savouries. About flavours the

brothers are dogmatic. "Our ice cream must have true flavours," says Leo. For fruit ice creams, the Bertorellis use purées: every seven gallons of strawberry ice cream, for instance, contains ten pounds of purée. "For the coffee flavour we actually brew Turkish coffee and mix it into the ice cream, grains and all. A few people object to the grains, but we insist: 'This is the right way and we won't change it.'"

The Bertorellis experiment continually, trying new flavours, new combinations. "Our wastage in the experiments is terrific," says Leo. "It took us a particularly long time to overcome the problem of preventing whole fruits, such as strawberries, going rock hard in ice cream."

The trouble was that the fruit froze more quickly and thawed more slowly than the ice cream. The Bertorellis had to find a means of lowering the melting point of the fruit. After many experiments, they found the solution by boiling the fruit in a thick liqueur.

"With the marsala flavour," says Leo, "we had even worse difficulty. First, we put too little wine into the ice cream. The ice cream froze all right, but we couldn't taste the marsala. When we put in enough wine to give a genuine flavour, we couldn't get the stuff to freeze. We got it right in the end."

Leo refuses to say how. "So much ice cream went down our drains to get the marsala flavour right that I'm not prepared to part with the secret."

THE END

Our fight to save the Avon

by DOUGLAS BARWELL

I was furious. . . . This lovely waterway was dying, and it would cost a fortune to keep it alive. Then I found that community spirit was worth more than money

WE entered Nafford Lock one sunny morning in September, 1949. For the last three days, we had idled our way along the lovely placid Avon—Shakespeare's Avon—in our cabin-cruiser North Star. We had started from Tewkesbury and hoped to make Pershore by the end of the week. My eleven-year-old son Nicholas was on deck with me. Below, my wife Betty was giving baby Robin his orange juice.

The lock gates were cracked and rotting, with wild flowers growing between their planks. I didn't expect any trouble. The two lower locks were just as rickety and we had passed through them without much difficulty. Confidently, we closed the gates behind us.

The water rose rapidly. In a couple of minutes, we should be able to open the upstream gates and sail out into the higher reach. But when we

still had four inches to go, the water stopped rising and started to fall. We came to rest midway between the two levels and I saw that the water was leaking out of the gates behind as fast as it was pouring in through the sluices in front.

At first, I thought there was something wrong with the way I had closed the gates so I tried again. But again the water dropped back. Then I saw that it was pouring through holes in the timber and I tried to plug them with earth and grass. This didn't work either. I started all over again and, when the initial rush of water had raised the level to its highest point, I tried to force open the upstream gates. But the weight of water was too great. The North Star dropped back yet again.

It was now evening. There was nothing for it but to remain at Nafford overnight. The next

morning I squelched through the dewy fields to a nearby farm and borrowed some strawboard from the farmer. I was surprised when he also handed me a block and tackle. "You'll need them," he insisted.

I patched up the holes with the strawboard and raised the water to its proper level. Unfortunately, the upstream gates were so stiff that it was impossible to open them in the usual way.

This was where the block and tackle came in. I rigged them between the front of the gate and a stake which a previous victim had driven into the bank higher up. Then, with Betty pushing on the balance arm, I managed to open the gate.

We were through Nafford at last. It had taken us twenty-four hours.

I felt angry as we chugged up the river. I felt angry that this lovely waterway should be falling so rapidly into decay. Only three months

The first boat goes through Nafford Lock after its repair. To help with the work Barwell bought a diving suit and learned to use it in a swimming pool



before, we had passed through Nafford without the slightest difficulty. Other locks had deteriorated equally, if less dramatically. Soon, the river would be impassable.

When we reached Pershore, I tied up at the mill. The Partridge brothers who owned it ran the last commercial boat on the river, a seventy-foot barge called Pishah which twice a week brought forty-five tons of grain from Avonmouth. Surely they would be worried, too.

Cecil, the elder of the two brothers, heard out my story. He was tall and burly with a shrewd red face and a weather-beaten hat. "Why don't they do something about it?" I demanded. I had no idea who "they" were.

Partridge just smiled. "No money," he said. "It costs a lot to repair locks and dredge channels. The only income is from the lock dues. And these days there are very few boats on the river."

I had been working up to the decision for the last day or two. "Well, I'm going to do something about it," I said.

Partridge laughed. "You haven't a chance."

The more I thought about it, the more convinced I became that the Avon must be saved. Originally a narrow, shallow, swift-flowing stream, it had been harnessed by millers for almost a thousand years. Their dams had held back the water and formed the deep, broad reaches we know today.

Charles I recognized the Avon's importance as a link in the trade route between the Midlands and Bristol, then the second port in the kingdom. In 1635, he granted the navigation rights between Tewkesbury and Stratford to a local landowner who added the system of locks.

The Avon became a highway busy with cargoes of hay, coal, grain and building materials.

Then came disaster. The river was divided into two sections—Tewkesbury to Evesham (Lower Avon) and Evesham to Stratford (Upper Avon). A railway company bought the navigation rights of the Upper Avon and, fearing its competition, killed it by neglect. A succession of private companies had owned the Lower Avon navigation but, cut off from the lucrative trade of the upper river, they had never had the money to keep it.

Nowadays, there were few pleasure-boats on the Avon and commercially, only the Pishah. Most of the mills had disappeared and if the locks and weirs were lost the river would revert to its wild state. Both pleasure and commercial boating would be at an end—perhaps for ever.

I knew that it would cost many thousands to save the river. Although I own the family brass tube factory in Birmingham, I could not afford to pay for it myself. The money would have to come from the public—preferably through a trust. Meanwhile, I felt I had to make a start. I bought the navigation rights for £1,500.

I spent the next few weekends looking over my property. Besides the navigation rights, I had a lock-keeper's cottage at Tewkesbury and seven derelict locks. I worked the locks for the few boats that came along and took the dues. In the winter, with little traffic on the river, they amounted to only a few shillings.

In March, 1950, Cecil Partridge rang me at my office. "It's Strensham Lock," he said. "One of the gates has broken right across."

This was a major crisis. The river was now blocked for small craft. By working the gate in two halves and using a block and tackle to manipulate the underwater section, Pishah could just get through. But it was unlikely that she could keep it up for long. And Pishah was vital to us. She was our only regular source of income and the only craft of maximum draft working all through the year. We needed her to keep the waterway clear.

I called in the Docks and Inland Waterways Executive. Their engineer looked at Strensham and said: "You need two new sets of lock-gates. They will cost you £1,500."

That shook me. It was only three months

before that I had spent a similar amount on the navigation. But the navigation was no use if the river was impassable. I told the executive to go ahead with the work. It just made me more determined to form a trust.

For the last few months, I had been spending my evenings explaining my ideas to boat-builders, millers, local authorities and anyone else who could have an interest in saving the river. I now invited thirty-eight of them to a tea meeting in an Evesham guest-house. Only two refused. The rest of us formally decided to form the Lower Avon Navigation Trust, a non-profit-making charity pledged to save the river. John Price, a retired police officer, agreed to be our secretary and Percy Protheroe, our bank manager, was an automatic choice for treasurer. I was elected chairman.

We calculated that we should need £20,000, and so we launched a public appeal. Meanwhile, we would do what we could ourselves. Our main worry was Nafford.

I well remember our first working-party. It was a Sunday morning in the spring of 1950. About half a dozen of us turned up, the boat-owners, including Betty and myself, arriving by river. After I had spent an hour and a half re-laying a dozen difficult bricks, I noticed a man leaning over a nearby fence. "You're not making much progress," he said.

"If you can do it any better," I said, "you're welcome to try."

To my surprise, he stripped off his jacket, took my trowel and within six minutes laid as many bricks as I had in the last ninety. He was a professional bricklayer and soon finished the job.

We spent many weekends at Nafford. Our skill grew with practice and, as we acquired more members, we often had professional bricklayers, plumbers and carpenters in our parties. Often they would be doing skilled work while Major-General Sir Reginald Kerr of the Road Haulage Executive or perhaps Frank Allen, a manager of the Rover motor works, would be labouring for them.

ALL sorts of people rallied round. Bruce Thompson, an engineer member, dynamited a sunken tree that was obstructing the channel. The Severn River Board discovered that they had the power to do some dredging for us as a flood relief project. Pishah brought up new balance arms which the inland waterways people fitted to the lock gates. On one occasion we hired a diver to do some underwater repairs.

It struck me that we should often be needing divers. Their fees were high. To save money, I bought a diving-suit and taught myself to dive in the swimming bath at my son's school.

Then we had a real piece of luck. I heard from the War Office that a Royal Engineers unit stationed at Long Marston would do the preliminary work on repairing a lock without charge as an exercise. We chose Chadbury. It held Evesham Reach and desperately needed attention.

The Engineers moved in with a mass of equipment. They built a Bailey bridge to an island in the middle of the stream, took across a dragline and piledriver and built dams above and below the lock. They then pumped out the water and removed the gates.

We now saw that the lock was in an even worse state than we had expected. The corners had fallen in, masonry was missing at either side and the pressure of water had bored deep holes in the lock bottom. The Engineers had now finished their work. "Where," I wondered, "do we go from here?"

One morning their commanding officer rang me. "It's been excellent training," he said. "We wondered if you would like us to finish the job. We could provide labour and equipment if you would lay on the materials."

I knew that materials would cost us at least £4,000. I also knew that, at that moment, we

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Barwell spent months persuading local people to save the river. He formed the Lower Avon Navigation Trust—and started the rescue work



Jay Stokes was crowned "Avon Queen" by Katie Boyle, the TV star, during an appeal which raised £4,500. In one of the working parties a major-general was a bricklayer's labourer



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up to
the light**

**not a
stain—and
shining
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See!



**There's no whiteness
like Surf whiteness!**



Aborigines assemble for a tribal fight. Part of Kyle-Little's work was to try to avert wars among the natives

LAND OF SINGING DEATH • 4

by SYD KYLE-LITTLE

The lovers who defied their tribe

For their crime there was only one penalty: death. . . . And I was with them, surrounded by a group of warriors screaming for vengeance

MAHRDEI the witchdoctor greeted me almost warmly when I met him on a journey inland. Previously he had resented me as a white man intruding in "black feller country." But now our repeated meetings over the years appeared to have softened his attitude towards me.

I was an officer of the Australian Native Affairs Branch and it was my job to look after the welfare of the aborigines living in the great Arnhem Land reserve. Mahrdei and I discussed the trading post which I had recently established at Muningreda: there the natives could bring in crocodile skins and other materials and barter them for goods from Darwin. Although he did not exactly welcome the trading post, Mahrdei agreed that anything which kept the natives from making for Darwin was desirable.

I felt that the trading post was the first really positive step that I had taken to improve the aborigines' chances of survival. But my attitude to the whole native problem was soon to have a thorough testing, much to Mahrdei's delight and my confusion. . . .

With my patrol boys I had moved out from Mahrdei's camp and stopped about fifteen miles south. I turned in early to escape the

mosquitoes, leaving the patrol boys clustered round the fire, and had just fallen asleep when I was aroused by the sound of running feet.

I jumped out of the mosquito net with my rifle, and the boys were on their feet with their spears. The runners sped into the circle of fire light, a tall, well-built boy with his nose squashed in like a prize fighter and a girl of about seventeen, who was approaching exhaustion.

Oondabund, my Number One boy, questioned them. The *lubra*, it transpired, was a mission girl and the boy her half-brother. They had broken the totem laws of their tribe by marrying at the mission station and then, to make matters worse for themselves, had returned to their tribal country.

While the boy was explaining his trouble, I could see in the distance the lights of numerous wood torches and soon a group of about twenty-five natives reached the camp. They surrounded us completely and stood quietly by while the *lubra*, whose exhaustion had now given way to terror, cringed on the ground.

The boy, to give him his due, put on a much better show. From the ring of natives surrounding us there came repeated calls to him to come

out and fight. Though he did not move, he was proud and defiant. I was still a bit in the air about it all, and instinctively wanted to side with the hunted pair.

Oondabund explained that the man challenging the boy to fight was the rightful husband of the girl. She had been promised to him in infancy. Now the lovers would have to pay the penalty: death.

I said with great anger that there were going to be no murders in my camp.

The men surrounding us started to dance and cat-call, waving their spears in a hostile manner. I didn't think that they would intentionally spear me; but once spears started flying there was no telling who would get one.

There were eight of us. We were outnumbered by more than three to one, and in a fight we would have little chance. I held up my rifle and told Oondabund to tell them that if they wanted trouble I would give it to them.

His words had no effect, so I shoved in a round and fired over the heads of the cat-callers. It had the effect of stopping the noise and I told Oondabund to tell them that the next time I fired I would aim not to miss but to kill.

I promised that I would take the boy and girl

with me to Darwin and that they would be tried there and if found guilty sentenced for any crime that they had committed. I assured the natives that I would not turn the couple loose.

This talk brought results. After a considerable palaver, the ring of natives dissolved and retreated for about fifty paces and lit a fire.

Both sides sat around their fires determined not to be taken unawares. Towards dawn the *lubra*, who had been crouching by our fire for a long time, walked a few paces out of the firelight. I leaned out in time to see her take off into the dark. In a second the boy was after her.

The uproar in our own camp quickly communicated itself to the opposition and in seconds they were on top of us, angrily accusing me of having connived with the escapers. The scene was now really touch and go. I stood with my rifle ready while twenty-five hostile men shouted and danced with rage.

THEY did not allow their anger with me to upset their plans to capture the couple, however. When it became obvious that the natives were about to move off in pursuit, I blustered that I would shoot the first man who moved. But they called my bluff and one by one slipped away until there were no more than half a dozen left and the best thing we could do was to break camp and follow.

We tracked them all day. In the evening, just before dusk, we found the boy's body full of spears and followed the tracks of the men and the *lubra* by the banks of the river.

There were the tracks of the men and the girl and the tracks where the girl had walked into the water and then no more girl tracks.

"They bin walkem longa river," said Oondabund. "Lookabout findem crocodile. Allabout bin makem *lubra* swim. Finish."

There was nothing for it but to return to Mahrdei's camp.

Mahrdei was waiting for me. He had heard the news, and approved of the action taken.

What was I going to do? he wanted to know. I answered that I intended to do nothing.

"I come here as a protector of aborigines," I told him. "When murder threatens further bloodshed between tribes, it is my duty as protector of aborigines to act to prevent further bloodshed. When it is a matter of tribal law only, I do not interfere."

However much I disapproved of the brutality of the murders, what could I have done? I wanted to persuade the aborigines to stay in their tribal area and, through my trading post at Muningreda, get all the trade goods that they wanted so badly. I would have destroyed my whole plan to have taken these men off for trial, even had I been able to.

From that moment Mahrdei was my friend. . . .

Angry words and flying spears in Mahrdei's camp one day led to my last and, in many ways, most memorable experience in Arnhem Land. I had been talking to Mahrdei when he said that I ought to see the country for myself.

I protested, with some irritation, that I had seen a great deal of the country. But Mahrdei only laughed and pointed to my mosquito net.

"You travel with a house," he said, adding that when I had a rifle and all the things I carried, I saw nothing of the real country. It was one thing to have a rifle to shoot with; another to have to depend on tracking and hunting with a spear to live.

Mahrdei offered to send me out with some of the young bucks of the tribe. He said that they would show me a land I had never seen.

We were squatting and sitting about while we talked, with half a dozen of the young boys of the tribe dancing attendance on the master's words. One of them laughed and spat and passed some derogatory remarks that I did not understand. Oondabund leaped to his feet and shouted at the man. I could see he was furious.

Before I could do anything, Oondabund had



The Rev. Alf Ellison (right), of the Goulburn Island Mission in Arnhem Land, discusses health work among the aborigines with a senior doctor of the government's medical service

raced for his spears. He got to them as the other man's woomera jerked and a spear missed Oondabund only because he anticipated the intention and quickly dodged.

Oondabund's own spear flew—and missed, as the other native side-stepped. Now the two men were on the move, running, throwing, dodging, racing through the camp to pick up spears where they could find them.

Mahrdei was on his feet shouting. I jammed a round in the rifle and bellowed to Oondabund to stop.

I shouted that I would shoot unless the spears stopped. I don't know how much notice they took of me. But, fortunately, Mahrdei also disapproved of the fight and the two men, still holding a fistful of spears and watching each other like snakes, stopped fighting. They were about thirty yards apart, breathing hard and all set to go at the first suspicious move.

I told them to throw down their spears.

Oondabund explained that the man had called me a *lubra* when Mahrdei had suggested that I should go on a walkabout. Oondabund had replied by calling the native a *lubra* and so the fight had begun.

"You say I'm like a *lubra*," I said. "Well, I'm willing to show you I'm not. I'm willing to go with you without my swag, without my rifle, dressed just like a black man."

AND SO, in the late afternoon, I took off my boots and clothes and hat and rolled them up with my rifle inside my swag. I was bearded after the months out from Darwin and brown-black from days in the open wearing only a pair of shorts. Now, stripped bare, I invited Mahrdei to fulfill his promise.

"Show me the country," I said. "I'm willing."

My tea, flour, sugar and tobacco I gave to Mahrdei and my swag I sent back with four of the boys to Muningreda. I had a narga (loin cloth), and Mahrdei gave me three spears, a woomera and a belt made of human hair. He was surprised that my feet were tough, and even more surprised when he discovered that I knew something about throwing a spear.

We left early the next morning. We went fast and quietly. The boys read the tracks of every

animal. They knew how long ago the animals had passed and where they were going and why.

For no apparent reason during the morning one of the boys gave an excited cry and set off at top speed through some eucalyptus and bloodwood trees. We all ran after him, yelling and shouting.

We had run more than a quarter of a mile when the leading boy stopped and pointed to the limb of a tree, and I realized then that we had been following a heavily laden wild bee on its way back to the hive.

Another boy produced a stone axe, shinned up the tree and hacked off the limb containing the hive, an operation much less hazardous than it sounds since the wild bee has no sting.

We sat on the ground at the foot of the tree and ate the honey. The boys chewed up the wax and then stored it in their hair, until they needed it for waxing string or cementing spearheads.

After the first couple of days I began to find the going comparatively easy. I confess, I was thoroughly enjoying myself.

We covered an astonishing distance. In the first week we reached the Goyder River, every bit of a hundred miles from where we had started. At this time we were living almost entirely on iguana. We varied the diet occasionally with lily stalks; but the billabongs were few and far between and often dry. Birds and birds' eggs were not to be had, nor had we seen any snakes. So iguana it was.

There was no particular routine about eating. We ate when we killed. If in the late afternoon we were still foodless, we abandoned the march and began an intensive search, which never failed to produce enough iguanas and grubs—which I couldn't stomach—to satisfy our requirements.

Water was always the second consideration. The natives knew the country and the season so well that they were never in doubt that they would find some.

As we approached the Goyder River, waterholes and billabongs were more numerous and larger. But here we struck the mosquitoes in all their buzzing millions. As soon as we stopped for the night we had to light our fires and throw on masses of green leaves to raise smoke to keep

them at bay. Eventually they became so numerous that we were forced into effective defensive action. Late one afternoon, the boys prepared a large mud pool into which they stirred a quantity of fine ashes. With this mixture, we covered ourselves all over, from the tips of the toes to the tops of our ears. Thus daubed, we baked off in front of the fire and were then equipped with armour that even the toughest mosquito could not penetrate. Once the mud was firmly baked on it lasted, with minor repairs, for days.

The natives headed for a group of small billabongs, a long day's march distant. This was a favourite hunting ground.

It was a fearful day's walking. We travelled dry from the early morning, with only one stop for a drink in a water-hole in the early afternoon. And that night, because the boys were determined not to disturb the game near the billabongs, we camped without water.

I suppose that I was being tested. At the pace we moved during the day we might well have covered forty miles and by the time we stopped for the evening, with water not more than three or four miles ahead, I felt that I should have made the distance, if only on my knees. But my determination to save face proved stronger than my need for water.

The boys were up long before daylight. The morning was cold. We sat around the fire warming ourselves, the boys chanting the soft refrain of a hunting corroboree. One boy sang a few words. Then the rest, in chorus, repeated it after him. It was the *durange* (red buffalo) song, which they sang in the form of a challenge to the buffalo.

They were very optimistic about our chances of running into some wild cattle. While they sang they attended to their hunting equipment. They sharpened the points of their spears on stones, rewound and tightened the bark binding that kept heads and shafts together and rewaxed them.

WHEN ready to move we divided into three groups, each with a scout. Oondabund and I were in the centre group. I had no illusions about the part I might play in the hunt. I hoped only that it would not be too discreditable.

We reached the first billabong before daylight. I plunged my face into the water and cupped handfuls into my mouth.

The three scouts had now left the groups and were working forward. We moved only for a few hundred yards and then lay down to await their signal.

As I lay on the ground I watched the morning star grow fainter and the first grey shades of dawn.

A goose honked about half a mile ahead. To the left, much closer, there was an immediate reply.

"Bin findem something," Oondabund whispered.

My group moved away from the billabong and the timber, while the second went forward; the third stayed put. This move put a rough half circle around the forward scout, while the line of the Goyder River somewhere beyond us completed the trap.

Except for Oondabund, who whispered the details to me, no one spoke. Every order and communication was by sign and finger language. It was now full daylight, the sun up and hot.

From group number one a boy yelled loudly and excitedly and immediately thereafter the whole of group three began to shout. Our own boys began to chatter to each other.

We heard the timber crashing and along the line of billabongs a big buffalo bull, with a spear sticking from its side, galloped into view. My group leaped to its feet and with the buffalo a furlong off tried to intercept its line of approach. They went like a pack of greyhounds, leaving me far behind.

Out of the timber from which the buffalo



Children play a "spear game" on the beach at Milingimbi Island. Kyle-Little was the cause of a real spear fight between his Number One patrol boy, Oondabund, and another aborigine



An aborigine brings a model canoe to the Rev. E. Wells at Milingimbi. The model will be sent to Darwin, capital of the Northern Territory, and the native will get goods in exchange

had appeared came the second group, strung out and waving their spears and shouting like madmen. But the buffalo was too fast for my group to intercept and left its pursuers farther and farther behind. Its great, mud-caked form disappeared into the trees and I thought the chase was done.

There was no such defeatism among my comrades. With their mongrel dogs yelping and barking ahead of them they raced into the timber in pursuit. They were too fast for me and I lost them as the shouting of the men and the barking of the dogs grew fainter in the distance.

I HAD fallen far to the rear when I came to a stream leading into one of the billabongs, and found the buffalo's tracks. It had turned and gone to the right. But, since the noise appeared to come more from the left, I concluded that it was circling and careered off for the main forest, about half a mile off.

I was alone. Oondabund, determined to be in at the kill, had left me to fend for myself and I was beginning to feel the strain of the pace. When I reached the trees I sat down for a spell

and to pick up the noise of the chase. But I was now so far behind that I couldn't even hear the dogs.

After a few minutes, with my spears in one hand and my woomera in the other, I began to stroll back towards the central billabong, when I heard voices ahead of me and in a moment or two Oondabund and the rest of my group emerged from the trees.

We heard a distant "Cooee." Without consultation, the boys scattered across the plain leading to the billabong, leaving Oondabund with me.

We did not have long to wait. In three or four minutes the buffalo appeared at the edge of the timber for a second time. In addition to the broken shaft in its shoulder it now had another spear in the rump. I looked for the rest of our group and found that they had scattered behind paperbark trees. Oondabund pulled me behind a tree.

"More better you climbem tree, Boss," he said. "Him properly mad now."

When it was still some hundreds of yards from

Continued on page 38

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Mrs. Trew puts life in a nutshell

by REX GRIZELL

By high-speed copying she squeezes vast libraries into rolls of film. Her enterprise keeps secrets safe for ever



May Trew demonstrates microfilming. Her firm can copy a million documents a week

THE headmaster of a London technical college turned to Mrs. May Trew and thanked her for her demonstration of the first British-made high-speed microfilming machine. He was sure that the students had been very interested.

"Will this machine copy £5 notes?" he asked.

When Mrs. Trew told him that it could copy anything ever written, drawn, or printed, he persuaded her to make a few convincing £5 notes for the children to take home. "It will give the kids a thrill," he said.

"It gave the police a shock too," says Mrs. Trew. "It seems I had begun by copying the wrong sort of document. I was told very sternly that it was an offence, and not to do it again."

It was 1953. Mrs. Trew had just founded the first high-speed document copying business in Britain.

"A Unesco expert on microfilming told me that I would find no markets in this country for the service I had in mind," says Mrs. Trew, a tall, dominating woman, now fifty. "I thought differently, and I was holding exhibitions to stimulate interest."

Early difficulties threatened to put Mrs. Trew out of business. Her first machine was damaged when a van taking it to an important job was in a collision. Her only service mechanic received injuries which kept him in hospital for fourteen weeks. "Luckily the customer was a government department. I talked them into waiting until the man had recovered."

Another contract was offered on condition that it should be done on the customer's premises and completed within three days. "It would have taken eight or nine normal working days," says Mrs. Trew. She accepted the contract after persuading the firm to allow her to work night and day. At that time her staff was not fully trained and she had personally to supervise all the work. "I moved a bed into the office and we worked for three days and nights, taking it in turns to rest on the bed."

Mrs. Trew now has eight machines worth from £500 to £2,000 each, and her firm, Microfilm Systems, of Croydon, can copy a million documents a week.

"My wife worked all hours to establish the business," says Henry Trew, an accountant. "On one trip abroad she was still working when the car arrived to take us to the airport. I had

to pull the cloth off the table with all her papers in it and bundle the lot into a suitcase. We only just caught the plane."

Microfilming already affects everybody in this country and new uses for it are found every day, says Mrs. Trew. Most of the 1,750,000 cheques which pass daily through the London clearing departments of the big banks are microfilmed as a precaution against subsequent alteration or fraud.

The Post Office Savings Bank has a microfilm record of 22 million closed accounts going back to 1926. This record is used to answer 12,000 inquiries every year from depositors who want information for income tax purposes, in cases of fraud or disputed wills, and other legal actions. Documents relating to the sale of hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of Premium Bonds are microfilmed every week.

Microfilm is helping to raise the standard of education. Schools and universities are making daily use of microprinted copies of rare books

which would otherwise be denied to them. The British Museum, which runs its own microfilming service, sells copies of its rare books and manuscripts in every corner of the world. For the social historians of the future the entire history of our daily lives is being recorded on microfilm. At the British Museum's newspaper section at Colindale, every available page of newspapers published during the past 150 years is being filmed.

Microfilms of the parish registers of England, giving births, deaths and marriages for three hundred years, have been sold in America and the Dominions. One American who discovered his ancestors through microfilm was so delighted that he had a nine foot by six foot print made from the film and papered his forbears across his dining-room wall.

Mortgages, driving licences, football pools and trade unions records are among everyday documents frequently microfilmed. In the House of Lords record office the original manuscripts of Acts of Parliament, past and present, are recorded for posterity on microfilm.

"The chief reasons for the use of microfilm are that it saves space, and that it is a convenient protection against fraud or loss through accident," says Mrs. Trew.

A hundred-foot roll of 16-mm. microfilm occupies a box about the size of a twenty packet of cigarettes. Two such rolls will record the entire contents of a four-drawer filing cabinet stuffed full of correspondence. On one job alone Mrs. Trew freed twelve tons of paper for pulping.

Directors of one of the country's largest motor-car factories were not unduly disturbed when a serious fire destroyed many of their engineering plans and original drawings. They had taken the precaution of having them microfilmed, and the film had been stored in the country. Within forty-eight hours of the fire, copies of the destroyed drawings had been made and were at the factory.

During the war important ships carried microfilms of their equipment so that repairs could be done at sea. At home, service from blitzed telephone exchanges was quickly restored with the help of microfilm records of the layout of underground cables.

Mrs. Trew recently returned from her tenth

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Many documents must be repaired or ironed before being copied. Girls take an oath not to read what they handle

Day of



the hunters

by JOHN SALT
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

Why should he stop to rescue a stranger's child? Thompson couldn't waste his time on heroism . . . he wanted to stay free

THOMPSON had been hiding for five days now. After the second day he stopped looking in the mirror, and in the evening of the third he began to walk the floor in stockinged feet. He had been doing that pretty well ever since. Each circuit took fifteen seconds and at the end of every dozen circuits he would move to the window and look out sidelong through the curtains. He was doing that when the Palmieri car drew up, long, dark and powerful, with the rain streaming off the bonnet.

It was easy after that. The fact of discovery broke the tension engendered by waiting, and Thompson had his shoes on and was out on the iron fire-escape landing at the back of the house before the car doors could open. He took the first three flights fast, then tiptoed the rest of the way down to the alley. A couple of right turns took him out on the main street and he headed towards the sea.

Thompson was looking for a crowd in which to lose himself, but the weather was against him. The front was deserted and a wet, warm wind bowled empty ice-cream cartons up the Pier Gap and pasted sodden newspaper pages upon the road. A few scattered groups of men and women sheltering beneath shop awnings glanced at him curiously as he hurried past with the rain blackening his jacket.

He turned left along the seafront on the cliff road, looking now for a high place so that he could see what was coming and perhaps do something about it. He felt much better in the open and he almost persuaded himself that he still had a chance, although he must have known that there was no chance. Not against thirty-two horses under a lean, black bonnet and three men in the tonneau behind—and Palmieri.

He wondered how they had stumbled on the hide-out, or, more strictly, who had tipped them off; but his musings on the subject were brief and unprofitable. It could have been any close friend and for a variety of motives, fear or greed or pure spite. Thompson shrugged his shoulders.

Up on the headland he left the road and went on to grass. The tough, slippery tussocks made his feet ache as the London pavements had never done. And yet perhaps this ache was different—more like the one he used to get in the old days on the high wire with Mario, or doing the scaling act all on his own with nothing beneath him but seventy feet of perfectly good fresh air.

They had billed him as La Mouche, "the Human Fly," then one night he put a foot wrong, slipped and fell, tipped the edge of the net and broke his neck. But after a year on his back and six months more in plaster and steel he was as good as new, except that he could not stand heights.

And that was the end of La Mouche and the beginning of Chris Thompson, down-and-out. But not for long. Mario had not forgotten him, and now Mario had left the circus to become an executive of the Ragazzi Siciliani with headquarters in Greek Street. It

employed some of the finest petermen in the profession: Mario's own speciality was still spider work—up the drainpipes and into the top-floor windows while the owners watched television. Thompson helped him in the smaller jobs, gradually working his way up as his nerve returned.

Things had gone well; too well, for they began to crowd Palmieri, who had his own organization.

Cesare Palmieri sent out warnings, and when these were ignored he sent out threats; and when Mario ignored the threats he sent out enforcement officers. When they had finished work, Mario was no good any more. He could not sleep and he could no longer think, and when he was hungry he had to be fed, just like a baby.

Thompson fixed Mario up at a place in the country and went to see Palmieri. But Palmieri was not at home, so Thompson saw his lieutenant, Johnnie Scapulo, instead, and he did to Johnnie what he had to do, with his hands and with his feet. And soon after that he bungled a job so badly that the police picked him up and the beak sent him down for five years.

He went to Chelmsford, and over the years Palmieri had contrived to pass him the word that he had not forgotten and that he would be waiting for him when he came out. Five years is a long time, and La Mouche went over the wall at the end of two. It was a high wall and he had a bad moment squatting up there on the top, looking down into the darkness. But he had slithered and scrambled and finally jumped. And now he was out on a rainswept cliff with the motor road on his left and the grey sea on his right, and two sets of hunters close on his tail.

HE kept moving away from the road until straggling gorse bushes began to conceal him from view. He glanced behind him once or twice. Nobody was coming from that direction, but ahead, where the rutted path was fast becoming a stream, a few people came running towards the town with raincoats over their heads.

He began to relax a little; even stopped to light a cigarette, shielding the flaring match beneath his wet jacket. He would keep on going until nightfall, then lie up in some bushes and make plans for tomorrow. For the moment it was sufficient to be on the move. . . .

Thompson, even on the run, was not a nervous man, but the scream which rang out ahead along the path jarred him badly and he stopped short, breathing heavily and peering through the misty rain. It was a woman's scream, and now he could see her lurching fast down the path in high-heeled shoes. She threw herself at him, beating frenziedly at his chest. He seized her wrists and held her away from him, not speaking.

"Come, oh come quickly," she gasped. "It's my little boy. . . ."

She broke from his hold, then tugged him up the path which curved steadily outwards to a ragged cleft in the cliff edge.

She was talking fast and sobbing between

She threw herself at him, beating frenziedly at his chest. "Come quickly," she gasped. "It's my little boy . . ."

John Heseltine

TWO GREAT NEW SERIALS

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR



Best Foot Forward is a hero's story . . . the saga of Colin Hodgkinson, who flew into battle, legless

AND A MASTERLY NOVEL



Thurman Warriner's tense drama of a man who courts lovely women and sudden death—*The Golden Lantern*

BEGIN IN JOHN BULL
NEXT WEEK

breaths. "We were hurrying because of the rain and I told him to keep away from the edge. Then the ground seemed to give and he went over. Oh, what can we do—what can we do?"

He lay down in the wet clay, peering over the fall and she knelt beside him, chattering now almost incoherently. Vertigo seized him at once, and for a moment he felt so ill that he spoke to her more roughly than he had intended. Her mouth closed upon a word and she knelt in the rain, weeping soundlessly.

Thompson's eyes followed the outward curve of the cliff face and marked the line of the slide. Bushes growing high up had been flattened and half uprooted; far below, a hundred feet and more, he caught a gleam of something red.

"What was he wearing?" he barked at her. "Anything red?"

"Yes, a sun shirt with navy shorts. Can you see him?"

"I think so," Thompson said. He got up and the rain washed yellow streaks of clay down his trouser legs.

"Is he badly hurt?"

"Lady, how do I know? He's a long way down. They'll have to get ropes and lifting gear. It's a coastguard job. You'd better get down the path quick and try to reach a phone."

She gazed at him with horror dawning in her eyes. "Reach a phone?" she said. "But anything might happen. He might, he might even. . . ." She could not finish the sentence, but caught a hand to her mouth and kept it there, biting at the knuckle.

Thompson shrugged. "You can't help him by standing there. He seems to be caught up on some bush or other. If he's all right he can stay put until help arrives."

"Stay put! What kind of a man are you? Won't you do anything—even try to help?"

Thompson looked at her silently and he thought of Palmieri back there in the town with that long, black car of his nosing out the side streets, ferreting its way up here to the cliff top. He thought, too, of the rescue teams and the photographers and the other men they would bring with them, the tall, quiet men in blue with single minds and unlimited time, and the law on their side.

"No," he said. "I can't help you."

Before he could quite turn his back on her he caught the look of utter loathing and contempt which she gave him. But he had no feelings about it; the look was not new to him and he began to walk away. At the turn of the path, for some reason beyond his volition, he looked back. She knelt still by the slide, weeping with a quiet despair. The rain washed her hair down flat over neck and shoulders and mingled with her tears.

He began to walk back, peeling off his jacket as he came. He moved back and forth along the edge of the cliff, testing the earth with his heel. Finally he picked a spot some thirty paces from the slide and peered over. The cliff shelved fairly gently here as far as the great overhanging convex bulge which would be the difficult part.

He beckoned to the woman. He said: "Look, I've got to do this without a rope and the chances are I'll miss my step on that bulge and take a header into the deep blue. Don't think you're going to watch me do it, because you'll be on your way to that phone, the way I told you. Right, I'm going over now."

Thompson lowered himself over the edge and found that he could almost walk on the slope. He did a ski-drift downwards, keeping it slow with space in hand to brake. Almost at once the loose scree began to slide and he dropped flat on his hands and lay still.

He lay quietly for a moment to plan his next move. He had a fairly clear mental picture of the cliff face by now and he knew that, even if he could negotiate the bulge below him, he would still be a good fifty feet from the boy's line of fall. That would mean a long traverse and he

could only pray for some practicable ledge or gully. Without that he would just have to make do with the prayer.

Thompson had never put much faith in hand-holds. It was mainly footwork with him, and now he shuffled about in the rubble seeking the projection that would hold eleven stone of man with most of his weight pushed into the cliff face. Gradually he moved downwards and the booming of the sea was perceptibly louder. His back arched, and he knew that his legs lay outward over the bulge.

The difficult time had come. There was a point of no return, and once he was out on the bulge overhanging the sea there was no way out but down.

The rain washed perspiration down his face and he tasted salt in the muddy chalk on his lips. He moved another exploratory couple of inches downwards. Now he was beyond the point of no return and this was where it would be great if his nerve were to crack, so that he could lie there weeping like a sick monkey, without the guts to move a limb or grasp a rope.

He moved again . . . six inches, ten inches, a foot . . . going slowly, going well. Then he began to slide with increasing momentum. He dug with his hands, his elbows, his kneecaps, his shinbones, his hooked hammer-toes, and he stopped sliding.

Now he was past the bulge and there was no point in not looking. Above him the cliff sailed out like the bosom of a great, grey dowager; below him, straight down, the sea, green and grey around its island rocks, sounded with a rush and a boom into great, hidden caverns.

THOMPSON had no holds for hands or feet. He hung against the cliff by sheer will-power, in apparent defiance of the law of gravity, in just the way that La Mouche had clung to the sheer wall in the old circus days. And, in just that same way, with eighty feet of good, clean, empty air beneath him and no safety net, La Mouche began again to move.

His feet probed delicately, finding hair crevices that hand or eye might miss, his chest and belly bore down hard on the chalk, the sea wind plucked at him, but he won inches steadily to the right and down. At times he was foxed, and then he would lie quite still and wait for the time to take a chance with a handhold that would not bear a butterfly's weight. But he would take it and support himself agonizingly, while his feet scrabbled for the projection that would save his neck and take him nearer the boy.

Down he went, and still farther down, until his searching feet found a ledge. Greatly daring, he let go gently with his hands, lowering himself to a rock rim that projected a bare three inches. He crouched down against the cliff face and for the moment he was at rest.

The time had come to make his traverse. The ledge on which he stood ran six or eight feet farther to the right, then petered out in a slide of shale. Twenty feet beyond that and another ten down he could see the boy's body hanging across the roots of a dead tree.

Thompson had two chances: the first was to remain where he was until his ankles buckled and he pitched over the drop; the second was to launch himself on the slide and attempt to worm his way across. Either way was no chance at all, but action was better than thought at this stage, and he moved forward along the ledge towards the fall.

He was trembling violently now, and the sea and the rocks moved in a great, slow circle below him; he was half-way out on the slide before he knew that he had reached it, but it did not seem possible that he could complete the traverse without disturbing the scree and plunging downwards with it. He wanted to lie still and hug the rocks, but instead he wept and he kept moving; kept moving until he reached the other

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PERSIL for coloureds, too!

That gay cotton skirt looks as fresh as the flowers — that's because the colours have been kept "alive" by a regular wash in Persil suds. And look at the knife edges of those pleats — Persil helps a skirt like this stay smart by firmly, *yet gently*, removing every scrap of dirt.

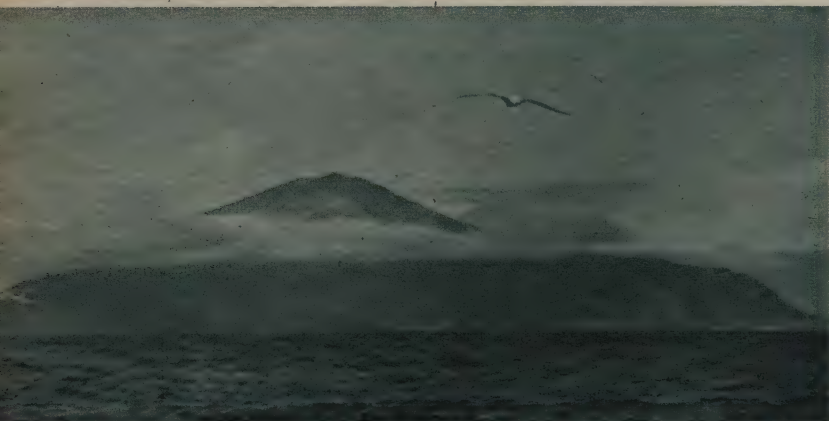
Use Persil for *your* coloured things, from a plain blouse to the gayest print — it keeps them *all* as fresh and bright as new.

WASHING HINT:

Wash and rinse your durably pleated skirt gently—don't wring it, but let it drip dry. This will help keep the pleats knife-sharp.



D. M. Booy's fascinating story of the strange, enchanting people of Tristan da Cunha...



Tristan da Cunha, 1,200 miles from civilization

LONELIEST ISLAND IN THE WORLD

OUR first opportunity of seeing the islanders *en masse* since they had gathered on the beach at our arrival came after we had been several weeks at the settlement. A village dance was held partly to welcome us.

The island was Tristan da Cunha, the largest and only inhabited of a group of three lying far south in the Atlantic—about 1,200 miles south of St. Helena, 1,500 miles west of the Cape of Good Hope, and 1,800 miles from the coast of Uruguay. Tristan da Cunha is farther from the nearest populated land than any other island in the world.

Its first settlers, in the early years of the nineteenth century, had been British. And although they had been joined by men and women of other nationalities, survivors of shipwrecks, recluses, voluntary exiles who, through several generations, had continued the colony, they proclaimed themselves members of the British Empire. But they lived in a world and time of their own, preserving the customs and dress of the early settlers.

Now we, a small naval party, had been sent in October, 1942, to garrison this desolate rock in the southern ocean, inhabited by a strange colony of people lost to the world.

Dances were events of great local importance and almost the only form of communal entertainment. Preparations in the form of dress-making and sock-knitting would occupy the women for weeks beforehand. Tea drinking was an essential part of the festivity. No other drink was available; and since the tea plant, which had once been plentiful on the island was now almost extinct, tea itself was a luxury.

The villagers arrived at the hall in little family groups, greeting one another more like strangers than intimate neighbours. The unmarried women were carefully chaperoned. All the girls wore their best dresses, with their brightest sashes and ribbons; coloured kerchiefs, knotted loosely under their chins, formed their head coverings. These they kept on inside the hall, though some allowed them to fall back, revealing glossy, dark hair, which they wore combed sleekly across the brow and coiled at the nape of the neck.

White woollen stockings were the uniform for men and women. The men wore theirs outside their trouser-legs to show the rings of coloured wool knitted in the tops; the more dapper paraded in white duck trousers which they had acquired from sailors and treasured for just such occasions. A few of the islanders possessed boots or shoes, but most of them wore oxhide moccasins.

Behaviour was rigid and restrained. The

women ranged themselves around the walls. The men stood awkwardly in groups in the middle of the floor, talking and laughing with noisy embarrassment. Their wives were more self-possessed, sitting primly and quietly, many with children in their arms or clinging to their long, full skirts. The young, unmarried girls attached themselves closely to their mothers, or other matronly relatives.

At length the music struck up. There were two accompanists for the dancing: an accordion player, Alfred Green, and a fiddler, a merry-faced, monkey-like old man of St. Helena stock named Andrew Swain. It was unfortunate that, although the two could play only the same tunes, they could not play them in harmony, so that dances had to be performed alternately to the asthmatic wheezing of Alfred's accordion and the hilarious screeching of Andrew's fiddle.

The dances were all of the species of barn dance; simple, unvarying patterns of jigging, shuffling and stamping. Although to our eyes the steps seemed to be all the same, we were assured that there were many different ones. They had such names as "Heel And Toe Polka," "Hook Legs," "Black Tom," "Donkey Dance" and "Break 'er Down Dance." At one stage

in the evening it was announced that we were about to have a "short tea." This we took to mean an interval given over to tea drinking. But not at all: the phrase appeared to be a corruption of "schottische."

The method of extracting a partner from the compressed row of women along the side of the room was rather like tearing a rose from a bramble hedge. A young man would advance with unsmiling countenance as soon as the music started and, saying nothing, with averted eyes, would seize one of the wrists lying limply for that purpose in laps and pull its owner to her feet. With every appearance of unconcern, having secured a girl, he proceeded to stomp with her round the floor, gyrating continually in the direction of the mob.

The women, held almost at arm's length, stared at their partners with blank, serious faces that seemed to profess a complete ignorance of the amazing antics of their feet below the swirling skirts. Custom forbade conversation between dancers.

Among the girls one or two were noticeable for the regularity and softness of their features. My attention focused on one dark-haired, gipsy-like girl of about eighteen, at which age the

Willy Repetto succeeded his father as headman of Tristan. But neither he nor his mother, the headwoman, held much power among the islanders



Tristan girls spend their time spinning or knitting. If a girl favours a young man she makes him some gaily coloured socks





Penguins, with petrels and mollyhawks, were once numerous on Tristan. But they became rare as islanders shot them for food or raided their nests



A festival procession on its way to church. The church bell came from a wrecked ship. Islanders rely on flotsam for their timber

women of Tristan were often married and looked mature, even matronly. Her complexion was inclined to duskiness, but clear and fresh. The roundness and fullness of her figure were probably exaggerated by the number of her billowing skirts gathered in at the waist by a red, silken sash. Her outer dress was white, accentuating by contrast the warm colouring of her skin and the dark splendour of her hair. From one of the advance party I learned that the girl's name was Emily.

The concluding and most remarkable item of the evening's entertainment was called a Pillow Dance. All the people present made a single row round the walls of the room. An islander holding a pillow danced slowly round the floor until he found a woman whom he favoured.

He dropped the pillow to the floor in front of her and the pair kneeled on it, facing each other, and kissed demurely. It was then the woman's turn to dance with the pillow, the first man following her, until she found another partner to her taste. The business was repeated until a long queue followed the pillow.

Most of the girls were too shy to play the game properly: once placed in possession of the pillow they had only one impulse—to get rid of it as quickly as possible; after a few faltering steps they invariably dropped it before the nearest male relative.

The kiss, when it eventually took place, was never more than the slightest contact of the lips; and it soon became clear that the pillow itself was the trophy for which the youths ungallantly competed.

At length, at the far end of the room, a friendly tussle broke out between two young bucks for the possession of the pillow; and while many of the villagers were already leaving the hall the victor was seen trundling round the room with the pillow tucked under his arm, just as if he were looking for a place to sleep.

The dancers began to make their way home through the darkened village, with boys carrying naked firebrands which flared and smoked in the wind, giving to the scene just that touch of festive brilliance that had been lacking from the dance. . . .

The Tristan islander lives with his back to the mountain and his face to the sea. The realization of this confirmed our sense of being stranded

on a ledge. Two tracks, wider and more deeply defined than the footpaths, led from the village to the beaches.

The Upper Road went down to Big Beach, the Lower Road to Little Beach. A third road wandered westward from the settlement to the potato patches, which lay just "round the corner" of the mountain, at the far end of the shelf. The total length of this habitable ledge was nine miles and at no point was the width more than one mile.

Throughout the first month of our stay on the island we saw little of the islanders. We could only roam in their vicinity, half attracted, half repelled by the dark interior that showed occasionally through a cottage doorway.

Each threshold consisted of a wide, smooth-worn stone sunk into the ground. The door was always made in two parts, upper and lower, like stable doors in England. The top hatch seemed to be kept open in all but the wildest weather. Sometimes we glimpsed a face in the opening. Sometimes a child's head peeped over, wide-eyed, between tiny hands that gripped the edge of the wood; but it always dropped out of sight as soon as it became aware of being seen.

LITTLE detachments of grey-and-white geese waddled on the grassy common in front of the village. In the very centre of this green-black island, pigs rolled in contentment on sunny days while a few lean hens pecked the insects from them. The sheep were evidently kept on higher ground at this time of year. Only a few cows were to be seen; but there were numerous bullocks, used for drawing the carts.

The commonest animals were donkeys, which roamed among the cottages, through gateways and into gardens with a casual, proprietary air and far more self-possession than the people. There were so many long-nosed asses' skulls, so many horned skulls of cattle and small-boned sheep's heads littering the plateau that we walked about half in fear of coming on the unburied remains of human castaways—until one day, with my naval companions, Ginger, Jock and Charlie, I was shown the island cemetery.

It was just another enclosure with a tumble-down wall of stones, distinguished from the neighbouring flax gardens mainly by its greater state of neglect. We were standing here, looking

down at the stream, when we saw old Bob Glass, the first islander to make friends with us, coming down beside it, complete with hat and stick. He greeted us from afar in the tone of a now-familiar friend—"Good day, gen'lmen!"—and arrived on faltering steps.

"I see you-all down 'yah by the graveyard, so I come fa' to show you granddad's grave," he said in the curious, only half-intelligible drawl that all the islanders use.

He climbed out of the gully and waved his stick commandingly towards an opening in the wall. Only one grave, in the far corner, was distinguished by anything worthy of being called a memorial. In respectful silence we read the inscription on the marble tombstone, which had manifestly not been made on the island.

WILLIAM GLASS
BORN AT KELSO, SCOTLAND,
THE FOUNDER OF THIS SETTLEMENT AT
TRISTAN D'ACUNHA,
IN WHICH HE RESIDED 37 YEARS
AND FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS,
NOVEMBER, 24TH, 1853. AGED 67 YEARS.

The sign above the inscription showed that William Glass had been a Freemason. The stone, Bob said, had been sent out from America by relatives living there. The descendant of the original founder then pointed out for our amusement where he and his brothers had in their boyhood prised the lead out of the lettering to melt down and make pellets for their guns.

Then he invited us up to his house for a cup of "strong drink" and to meet his wife, Charlotte. The promised introduction to his wife was prefaced with a timely warning: "You-all ain't gotta be skeered of my wife, 'cos she's a big woman—biggest woman on the island." There was a ring of pride in his voice and perhaps we should have pleased him if we had shown signs of fear.

As we trooped behind the old man through the low doorway, she rose from a seat in the corner of the hearth and advanced to the middle of the room, as if prepared for any encounter. Without being especially tall, she was certainly big. Her voluminous black skirt effectively concealed a wide-area of cottage floor. Her large, red hands

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Far, far the mountain peak

by JOHN MASTERS

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Here was the chance they had longed for. The route to the summit lay open to Peter and Harry—but for the last time

THE earthquake that devastated the Indian town of Rudwal was followed by fire and floods—but in the face of the crisis Peter Savage, the District Commissioner, remained vague and indecisive.

Savage was only a shell now of the man he once was—the daring mountaineer, the brilliant soldier, the ruthlessly ambitious public servant. The death of his greatest friend, Gerry Wilcot, which jeopardized his marriage to lovely Emily Fenton, changed him unbelievably. He swore never to lead anybody again.

Events forced his hand. Harry Walsh was in Rudwal to lead another expedition to the Himalayan peak, Maru. His nerves still torn by war, Harry abandoned an Indian girl to her death under the debris of a burning building—and a local photographer recorded the incident for use as anti-British propaganda.

That brought Peter abruptly to himself. He took command of the situation, forcing Harry into the worst-hit areas to restore his morale, issuing orders, bringing order out of chaos.

Harry's wife, Peggy, watched with a bloodless face. Once in love with Peter, her love changed to hate when he married Emily. To see him suddenly restored to his old self at Harry's expense was a bitter thing.

Harry returned for fresh orders, and Peter directed him and his men to a big new fire. "You can't send him to a fire," Peggy interrupted, her voice thin and brittle. She turned to the Commissioner, Peter's superior. "Don't let him go. Haven't you heard? He—"

Peter struck his hand across her face so hard that she fell. "Get a move on, Harry," he said.

Peggy leaned like a sack against Emily, whimpering: "Oh God! Oh God!" Emily put her arms round Peggy and half dragged her along the street, past the corpses, over the rubble, and towards the bungalow. . . .

FINAL INSTALMENT

The Return To Maru

ON the sixth morning after the earthquake the Lieutenant-Governor returned by the early train to Lahore, taking the Commissioner with him. Emily stood by the windows of her drawing-room and looked out at her lawn.

Peter said: "I think you'll have to go to England at once."

She knew that he was right. Life here would be lived on an emergency basis for the whole of the cold weather. There were signs that an outbreak of amoebic dysentery among the



Rodney came out, his small face almost hidden under the huge topi. "Goodbye, Mummy," he said. "See you at the station"

refugees might turn into a full-fledged epidemic, and the heavily chlorinated water made little Elizabeth sick.

"I'll stay a year," she said, "and then leave Rodney in a prep school and come back with Elizabeth."

He said: "Yes—unless I can get home leave in nineteen twenty-two. You'll have a bad time on the ship with Peggy and Harry, I'm afraid."

"I'll do my best, darling—if they'll let me."

"Even if they won't, you must," he said. "Harry will try and hide in his cabin. Peggy will take part in everything. You can't drag Harry out and tell Peggy to hide—but if you're there, showing them and everyone else that they're our friends, it'll make a difference. A little. . . . If only I'd been there."

She didn't have to ask where. Peter, the old Peter, brought back to life by Harry's tragedy, would have caught Purshottam Dass and broken his camera; if necessary he would have shot him.

He said: "The Lieutenant-Governor's promised to get passage for all of you on the Hoshiarpur. She's sailing on the twenty-fifth."

"And it's the nineteenth today," she

said. "We'll have to leave here on the twenty-third. It will be a rush."

"I'm afraid so," he said.

Peggy came in. "I hear we're being sent home on the Hoshiarpur," she said loudly. "Harry's just told me."

Peter said: "I told him we wouldn't have much chance of getting passages at such short notice unless we got H.E. to help. He agreed."

"Well, I don't," Peggy said, still loud, but flashing a large, hard smile. "I've told him he ought to go on with the expedition to Maru. There hasn't been an earthquake up there. If we turn tail people will say he's running away from that, too."

"It's out of the question," Peter said patiently. "H.E. withdrew the expedition's permission to go into the Northern Tehsils."

"Why?" Peggy said. "Oh, I know. You'll go next year, now that you're a hero again. A hero at Harry's expense."

Peter said: "The Chakdi bridge at Harkamu is down, and so are half a dozen others."

Harry had entered silently. He said: "Of course we can't go, Peggy." He sat down, his hands stiff at his sides.

"I got H.E. to promise that you would get permission for another expedition next year." Peter said.

Harry said flatly: "You know the Joint Committee aren't going to choose me to join any more expeditions even if anyone would go with me."

Emily said sharply: "Don't talk like that."

"I think it's time we forgot it," Peter said.

Peggy whipped a small square of folded paper out of the pocket of her dress and waved it in Peter's face. "How the hell can anyone forget this?" she screamed.

Emily didn't have to look at the paper. There was the building, toppling over against the bright light of the sky. In front the girl, her face to the camera, on one knee, her arms out; closer, Harry, running straight past the camera, the sweaty sheen of fear on his face.

Peter said: "You underestimate people, Peggy. They will be willing to forget soon enough, if you are. After Harry has led an expedition to Maru, no one will remember the other thing at all."

"I don't want your sympathy, Peter," Harry said harshly. "It turns out I've got a yellow streak. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen that picture. That's why we keep it—I've got five copies, to remind myself. We all had such high hopes in our own ways, and

now we're all broken. You aren't going to be Viceroy of India, because Gerry broke you. And you broke Gerry. And the earthquake found me out." He rose stiffly to his feet. "What we've got to do now is to get back in our shells and tell the rest of the world to go to hell and leave us alone."

He walked out quickly. Peggy followed him with a last bitter stare at Emily.

Peter lit a fresh cigar. When it was drawing well he said: "I'm not going to stand for that. Nor's Harry—or not for long. He'll feel differently about it in time. . . ."

The day of the twenty-third crept early upon Emily, with the sun not yet up, and already the sounds of men dragging heavy boxes along the veranda.

Peter came in and took off his dressing-gown. "Harnarayan has organized a demonstration against Harry," he said. Harnarayan was the leader of elements in Rudwal hostile to the British. "At least five hundred people are going to line the road near the station as he goes by. They won't boo—just stand silently."

"Harnarayan!" she gasped. "Oh, no! He—he isn't as mean as that."

Peter took his razor and went into the bathroom. "Adam Khan and I are going to go with Harry, on foot. We'll take Rodney."

She hurried to the bathroom door. "You mustn't, Peter. Rodney will never forget it till the day he dies. You'll ruin him."

"I don't think so, darling," he said. "I believe Adam knows the people of Rudwal better than Harnarayan does. I believe I do, too."

HARRY and Peggy Walsh joined them, unsmiling, at breakfast. At half-past nine Adam Khan came in. Peter put on his white topi, and Harry his big khaki one. Rodney came out, in khaki shorts and shirt and bare legs and sandals, his small thin face almost hidden under his own huge topi.

"Well, goodbye, Mummy," he said. Emily and Peggy were to follow in the trap. "See you at the station. I'm walking there with Daddy and Uncle Harry."

"I know," she said. "Don't jump in any puddles."

They set off down the curving drive, Rodney walking in the middle, at first solemn and long-striding, but after a few moments leaping up and down and skipping ahead, but never turning to wave. They disappeared.

Peggy was beside her. "What good is that going to do?" she said. "Do you think Harry doesn't know he's being escorted by a hero and a little boy—the Saviour of Rudwal and his son?"

Emily cried: "Haven't we got enough to worry about without fighting each other, Peggy? Peter wants to show Harry that people aren't as censorious as he thinks."

Peggy glared at her, frozen-faced, and then burst into sudden tears. "Oh, my God, Emily, I still love him," she whispered.

Emily put her arms around Peggy's shoulders and gently led her inside and left her in the drawing-room.

She went about the last occasions. Nothing left unpacked in the bedroom. Peter would sleep alone here tonight. Then she went into the study, to see again where he worked. The three men would be half-way to the station by now.

Five minutes later she and Peggy left in the trap. Near the bungalow the streets were full of police and soldiers. Farther on, where the street widened, there was another type of crowd—men mostly, with here and there the brightness of a working woman's bodice and skirt. Emily relaxed a little. Surely everyone in the streets would be more excited if there had just been a demonstration?

At the station she walked at Peggy's side on to the platform. The train was waiting, for this was the terminus of the branch. Peter was there, and Harry, and Rodney, standing with his legs



Peggy waved the picture in Peter's face. "How can anyone forget this?" she screamed

apart and his hands in his pockets, talking importantly to Adam.

Emily took Peggy and led her into the compartment next door to the one reserved for herself and the children. She caught Peter's arm and took him aside. "What happened?" she asked urgently.

"They cheered us," Peter said.

"They—cheered." She gasped. "Oh, Peter! How wonderful! They were cheering you."

"No," he said, "we were all together—Harry, Rodney, myself and Adam. They meant to be silent, I'm sure, even to boo—but we were all together, so they cheered us."

Everyone was saying goodbye now, hands shaking her own, faces smiling, in tears, carefully composed. "We'll be back," she said over and over again. "Goodbye, goodbye."

Peter was in the compartment, kissing Elizabeth, teasing Rodney. She followed him in. He took her gently in his arms and the children fell quiet, watching with concern and instinctive understanding. There was nothing more to say and no words to say it with. Goodbye meant the beginning of a new journey.

She sat, wanting to smile, crying steadily, until Rodney said: "Don't cry, Mummy. It makes you look like Auntie Peggy."

Extracts from letters written by Peter Savage from Rudwal, India . . . November, 1920—May, 1921. . . .

November 26, 1920

Dear Admiral,

Thank you for your letter of October 31 which has just reached me. This letter will confirm the cablegram I sent off this morning and which reads as follows: "Honoured to accept leadership of Joint Royal Geographical Society—Alpine Club Expedition to Maru 1921 subject to exigencies of service here stop writing Savage."

January 14, 1921

My darling,

Yes, I heard a few days before the New Year's Honours were published that I was going to get a C. It's no use grumbling because it's only a C.I.E. They do that so that they can give you a C.S.I. later. . . .

Harry is coming on the expedition—his cable reached me today. I presume you will see it in *The Times* before this reaches you. I had the devil of a fight with the Joint Committee and Harry himself before it was done, but the Admiral supported me. . . .

Few nights go by without my dreaming of you, but you are also at my side during all the sunlight hours and riding at my side when I go out on tour. In point of fact, I do not ride, but walk or run, carrying a heavy pack. I feel a considerable fool, but it is as well to remind myself by these painful means that I am forty years old and Maru is 27,141 feet high.

April 16, 1921

My darling,

Harry arrived a couple of days ago, very much on his guard. Granger, Norris, de Heurteville and Barnes were with him, leaving only Hutton to be accounted for. He's on his way with stuff they had difficulty with at Bombay.

Their collective attitude to Harry is noncommittal, as far as I can judge. They are waiting to see what happens when we face the big moments. I am rather depressed to find that Barnes and the Count (de Heurteville) have been hero-worshippers of mine since the first attempt in 1913, when they were in their teens. They hint that I was let down by my fellow climbers that time and that now I am going to lead them to the top, come hell or high water. . . .

I am very glad you could take young Rodney to see Grandfather several times before he died. If there is any further help you need in dealing with the will, don't forget that you can count on help



from Charlie Harrison at Lloyd's.

May 6, 1921

My dear Peggy,

We are resting two days here at Parasia. Your Harry is very fit—as we all are, except the Count, who has sunburned the end of his nose. Harry has gained the confidence of all the men except Billy Barnes, who is very brilliant, fiery and very young. I think our first day above 20,000 feet will show young Mr. Barnes that Harry has

LIES AND LYING—I

The cruellest lies are often told in silence.

R. L. Stevenson

forgotten more about climbing than he has yet learned. . . .

May 8, 1921

Darling,

The post orderly is waiting, the tent has been taken down over my head, the wind is blowing. We are off in twenty minutes, and I love you—Peter.

The expedition arrived at the old site of Juniper Camp late in the afternoon of May 16. The summit of Maru hung alone in the sky, pink and black in a shimmering night, when they gathered in the big dining tent to discuss their further progress. Peter now confirmed what had been tentatively arranged. On the eighteenth they would split into three parties, each accompanied by two Sherpas.

George Norris and himself would reconnoitre the south-east ridge; Oscar Hutton and the Count would move

round the mountain to the west and try the north face. Harry Walsh and young Billy Barnes would move round the mountain to the east and try the Great Chimney Glacier, and, if they could surmount that, the Great Chimney itself. Robin Granger would stay at Juniper. Peter set May 28 as the day by which they should all meet again here.

Barnes could not quite hide a small tightening of the lips when he heard that he was to go with Harry, but he did not say anything aloud. He was an extremely energetic blond young man, twenty years of age, about six foot three, beautifully built, hard as nails and seemingly possessed of a stamina which didn't usually come to men until they were a few years older.

Peter had found Barnes's hero-worship distressing, for it was based on an admiration of actions which, although they had perhaps been inevitable, Peter no longer thought of with pride. Also, Barnes was too ready to despise Harry Walsh, not so much for that unhinged moment which had caused the furore but because he knew that Harry had been Peter's bitter enemy after the 1913 expedition.

The rest of the climbers maintained a cordial neutrality towards Harry until they had the opportunity to see what kind of man he was. By the time they reached Juniper they not only accepted but admired and respected him.

Nevertheless, Peter thought he had detected a deep-lying layer of distrust. They had recorded, deep down, *Harry Walsh can crack*.

Harry seemed to be in excellent shape both physically and psychologically. His manner was quiet, but that was natural to him; he avoided no one and sought no one; he didn't shrink and he didn't push.

The reconnaissance produced much the results that Peter had expected. He

and Norris, with two Sherpas actually with them and four Rudwalis in support, readily climbed the south-east ridge—the old route, which Peter had started to call the Wilcot Ridge—as far as the Needles. They found nothing changed, and confirmed what was already known: that, as far as the Needles, the ridge route was arduous but not difficult.

Harry and Billy Barnes, and Oscar and the Count, came in from opposite directions two days later, on May 28. That night, in the big tent, the latter pair reported that they had spent forty-eight hours at maximum effort merely getting to the foot of the North Wall, one hour deciding that the wall was impossible, and seventy-two hours extricating themselves.

Peter turned to Harry, who began a careful report on their reconnaissance. Harry's unemotional account of what they had seen made it clear to Peter that there was no sense in launching the expedition on that route, but before giving his decision he asked Barnes if he had any opinion.

Barnes said: "The Great Chimney won't go—but I thought there might have been a route out of the glacier on the north-west, just short of the fall. That would lead us on to a big ridge—this one." On the map spread out between them he pointed with the stem of his pipe to the Yangpa Ridge, roughly north-north-east of the mountain.

Peter glanced questioningly at Harry. Harry said: "Yes. There might, just possibly, be a way up to the Yangpa, though I estimate the chances of its being passable for porters as twenty to one against."

"We didn't try it," Billy said.

Harry said: "There wasn't time. Even if there had been, I wouldn't have tried it, because the ridge it leads to, the Yangpa, is impassable for climbers as well as porters."

"How do you know?" young Billy Barnes said, and this time his sneer, though slight, was unmistakable. It was on the tip of Peter's tongue to give him a short answer, but Harry spoke first and, Peter was glad to see, with some heat.

Harry said: "I know because Lyon and I traversed the lower part of the Great Chimney trench in nineteen-fourteen, and reached the Yangpa at twenty-two thousand feet. That snow, which you thought looked so inviting, is a cornice. The angle is eighty-five degrees, and it's just under four inches deep. In other words, there's no anchorage. In other words, only a bloody fool would try the Yangpa. As I told you at the time."

Billy flushed angrily and got up from the camp chair. "Do you want me any more, Peter?" he asked stiffly.

"No, thanks, Billy," Peter said. "For God's sake get some rest or you won't be fit enough to be considered for the summit." The young man paled then, and went out.

After the others had gone, Harry said: "He's a good climber, Peter—one of the best. But try not to pair him with me again, will you? As you see, he disapproves of me."

Peter nodded. There was no sense in pushing Billy against Harry any more. He had hoped Billy would be more receptive.

Two days later they began the advance up the Wilcot Ridge. Peter and the Count went ahead to mark out Camp One on the old site, and Robin Granger came with them to stretch his legs.

They reached the camp site about ten in the morning and sat around in the sun, waiting for the porters to struggle into view.

The leading porters should have been up to them by eleven. Instead, Oscar Hutton arrived alone. He said: "Porter trouble, Peter. They're on strike—the whole lot of them, except the Sherpas. Billy hit one of them. Knocked him for six."

"That's not porter trouble," the Count drawled from behind him. "That's climber trouble."

"Harry asked you to come down," Oscar said.

Peter nodded and led off at a fast



the cream of milk chocolate!

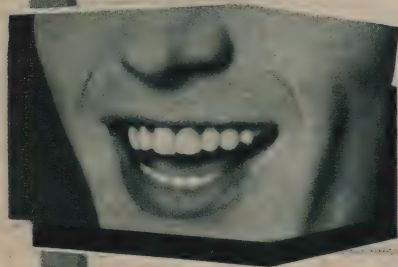


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pace. He was furious and, as he ran down the ridge, he told himself that he would send Billy back to Rudwal immediately, with or without an escort.

In an hour and a half he reached Juniper. The Rudwalis were standing about in two or three large groups, all talking as loudly as though the incident had happened five minutes instead of four hours before.

He found Harry, who said that Billy's story was that the porter, Pahlwan, had balked at a steep pitch quite low on the ridge and persuaded the others to refuse to face it until ropes had been fixed for them.

Harry said: "Billy's in his tent, sulking. I think we can settle the whole thing out of hand if he apologizes to Pahlwan—but he refuses to. Shall I call him in?"

Peter nodded, and in a moment the young man was with them, his sun-burned face heavy with a mixture of defiance and misery. Peter asked him to sit down and tell what had happened, and he did. It was just as Harry had said.

At the end Billy said: "I had to do it, sir. You know how quickly that sort of thing spreads if it isn't nipped in the bud at once."

Peter said: "Do you understand the Rudwali dialect, Billy?"

Billy said: "No—but I could understand his gestures. He was telling them not to go up."

Peter sent for Pahlwan, a small, weaselly fellow of about forty, and listened to his story. Obviously Pahlwan had been doing a little lead-swinging, stretching a minute's breather into a five-minute rest by his request for ropes. Peter left it at that for the moment. He'd look into it further as soon as the immediate cause of the trouble had been dealt with.

He turned to Billy, explained Pahlwan's story, and said: "I'd like you to apologize to Pahlwan for hitting him."

Billy licked his lips twice and tried to say something. Finally, he got it out. "I can't, sir . . . it was for the sake of the expedition. . . . I was in the right."

Peter said: "I don't think so, Billy, and it would have saved a lot of trouble if you'd said you were sorry when Harry asked you to." Billy shot Harry Walsh a scowl of pure hatred. Peter said: "Harry, come outside. Stay here and talk to Pahlwan, Billy." He went out, taking the others with him.

Soon enough Pahlwan emerged and said: "It is settled. It is not right that a man of Harkamu should hold a grudge, even though he has been wronged."

The next day they began again on the Wilcot Ridge, and established Camp One by the second evening. On June 7 they began moving stores up to the new Camp Two at 21,690 feet, and on June 9 to Camp Three.

Bad weather delayed the preparations and it was not until June 15 that Camp Three was finally established. On the sixteenth, George Norris and Peter began on the Needles. They worked for three days and did it. The rock was in fair condition for the most part, the snow bad to very bad.

Using pegs, fixed ropes, and even rope ladders—of which the expedition had several—they prepared a route over the Needles, so that the Sherpas could carry up the small amount of stores that would be needed at Camp Four. It was gruelling work and on the third evening, when Peter stepped down from the last pitch on Needle One, he was completely exhausted.

He didn't want to climb Maru any more. For three hours George Norris and he had been quarrelling, in single long-spaced words thrown at each other like darts, about the placing of a peg he had hammered in the day before. He didn't want to see George again, and he didn't care where George went or what he did.

After he had rested for about half an hour, Harry asked him, "Who's to go to Four tomorrow, Peter?"

"I'll decide in the morning," he said.

"That'll be too late," Harry said

gently, insistently. "They'll have to leave early."

Peter scowled at him, but it was true. Four climbers had to go over the Needles tomorrow. Two would bring the Sherpas back the same day, weather permitting. Two would try for the summit the following day.

Slowly he began to think. First he looked around at their faces. Billy Barnes had come into the tent. Billy seemed tired, and his eyes were wild. His scruffy blond beard made him look like a probationary Viking.

"How are you feeling, Billy?" Peter asked him.

"I'm all right," Billy said and shut his mouth with a snap.

Peter said, "Well, George and I will take the Sherpas up and down. We know the Needles better than anyone. . . . Harry, you and Oscar follow us at noon and try for the top the next day. No, come with us. We'll need all the help we can get with the porters. Billy, you stay here. Then, the next day, you'll go up to Camp Four with whoever's the fitter of George and myself, and try for the top the day after, if Harry and Oscar fail." He stopped, panting from the effort of the long speech.

"They'll fail," Billy burst out angrily. "Oscar can't make it by himself."

Peter turned slowly then and stared straight at him. "What do you

Power

by KATHLEEN RICHARDSON

Though a sobering thought for
you and me

That the skill of our thumbs and
fingers may be

More economically taken on
by

An electronic automaton, I

Doubt if this Thing, by
automation,

Can hand down its craft to a new
generation;

What's more—if whole
factoryfuls of them can
Produce a single mechanical
man

To replace the poor work-a-day
fingers and thumbs

Of a chap who was never much
good at sums

But can show 'em a simple
trick with a switch

That means Live or Dead—
and he decides which.

mean?" he asked. "Are you suggesting . . . that Harry isn't even going to try?"

"Yes—yes, I am," Billy stammered. "That's just what I'm suggesting, sir. I knew Walsh would let you down. He isn't going to try—because he's windy. He's afraid."

Peter said, "You'd better go down the mountain tomorrow, Billy. When you feel better, you can tell Harry you're sorry. . . . There'll only be one attempt, Harry, unless both George and I are feeling strong enough the day after tomorrow . . . very unlikely." He had a splitting headache and would have liked to shoot someone.

Harry began to speak then. He said, "Billy's reason is wrong—but his fact is right. I don't want to climb Maru."

"Good God, nor do I," Peter snarled. "Everyone's feeling the same."

Harry said: "I meant to wait, until you said who was to go in the summit parties, and only speak if you included me. You did . . . but I should have spoken sooner, in any event. That's what I've been finding out."

"What the hell are you thinking about?" Peter snarled.

"I don't want to climb Maru. Don't want to get to the top," Harry said. Peter thought that he himself was

going mad with the headache, the three terrible days on the Needles, and his dreams of the mountain. He screamed at Harry, "You don't want to climb Maru? Why wait till now to tell us? You've taken our food, used the money people have collected . . . now, when we need you, you don't want to come."

"He's got the wind up," Billy Barnes said.

Peter looked at Harry, a foot away, and saw that he was perfectly calm, though sorry that he should have had to do this. He said, "Tell me, Harry."

Harry began at once. He spoke slowly and gathered his breath between the clipped, telegraphic phrases. He was as tired as the rest of them.

He said: "I don't think Maru ought to be climbed. So I am afraid, if you send me, I will be looking for excuses to turn back, without knowing it. Not muscles that give in first, up here, but will. My will, not there, to begin with."

"This is a sudden change, isn't it?" Peter said, and he couldn't help the bitterness creeping into his voice.

Harry said, "I believe some mountains should never be climbed, but should be left. Symbols of the unknown thing, we strive for, altars to the Unknown God. . . ."

Peter listened carefully, torn by unwilling anger and unwilling understanding. Harry Walsh was announcing that he had a mystic-romantic strain in him; but he had chosen a bad time to do it.

He grated: "You don't mind us trying for the summit? I mean, you won't cut the ropes, file the pegs?" As soon as he had spoken, while Harry was still looking unhappily at him, the bitterness passed. "Sorry, Harry," he said. "Of course I accept your position. Work between Camps Three and Four—"

"Haven't finished, Peter," Harry said. "Why am I here?"

"Because Peter wanted to give you a chance—to make people forget that photograph," Billy said.

"Not people," Harry said. "Me. People are all right. It was myself I couldn't come to terms with."

Outside the wind had lessened, and Harry realized he had been shouting needlessly loudly. "Somewhere, before I came out this time, I started looking at myself. I had been a coward. I ought to feel I was a cur. I didn't. I found that cowardice did not disgust me."

Young Billy Barnes snorted aloud. Harry said, "I came to the conclusion that people—parents, Eton, King's, the Alpine Club—had been building a cocoon round me, from the day I was born. For a couple of months I've been throwing the top layer away. The one that I've lived by all my life. It's taken a long time, and I'm really sorry, Peter, but I finally found—what I told you."

"You're not going to give up climbing?"

Harry shook his head. "No. But I'll be unhappy when Maru is climbed, and I've got to live by what I've found I really believe. . . . By God, Peter, already I feel—as if I'd just been let out of a strait jacket."

They were all quiet for a long time. At length Peter said, "Billy, go, and tell George and Oscar that they're to make the first attempt. You and I will make the second. If there's any need."

Billy turned in the low doorway of the tent and said, "I still think Walsh has got the wind up." Then he went out.

Peter prepared to sleep, bade Harry good night, and lay down. He had somehow imagined that there could be only one solution—that Harry would find his old armour, new-burnished by his feats of endurance and courage on Maru. How much greater was this quiet denial, and how much more powerful a proof of inner contentment. Almost anything else would have been easier for Harry to say and do than what he had said and done.

At half-past six the next morning the four of them set off with the Sherpas. Some snow had fallen during the night, and the wind was blowing with its

Your Garden and Mine

by PERCY THROWER

MANY of the beautiful annuals do not like much handling in their very early stages. Better results can be obtained if they are transplanted without disturbing their roots.

I collect all the empty match-box cases I can, and stand them on end in shallow trays or on a piece of wood. I then fill them with good sandy loam and put two seeds in each. If both germinate, I take one out. The seedlings, still in their casings, can be planted out in their beds undisturbed.—J. W. Jones, Newby, Scarborough.

I have found that excessive growth in fruit trees can be reduced, and more fruit obtained, if the trees are bark ringed in May. Cut a ring of bark, a quarter of an inch wide, all round the stem

just below the lowest branches. This checks the downward flow of sap and encourages fruit bud formation.—T. E., Paddock Wood, Kent.

PERCY THROWER says: It is always better to transplant seedlings without disturbing their roots, and Mr. Jones's idea makes this possible. I use soil blocks, but match-box casings would do just as well. Grown indoors, the seedlings will be well advanced when planted out. They will then flower earlier than seeds sown in the beds when the spring flowering plants are taken up.

Bark ringing does away with the laborious task of root pruning. To keep out disease, bind the ring with insulating tape which can be removed six to eight weeks later when the cut has healed up.

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usual maniacal fierceness, whipping the snow like frozen sand into their faces.

It was microscopic work all the way, and the vastness of Maru resolved itself into an infinity of grains of rock, crystals of snow. Climbing was not climbing, but painful minutes of placing the foot and supporting the body in exactly the right balance on each of a thousand narrow holds.

At half-past eleven, as slowly as they had climbed, they came off the foot of Cleopatra's Needle, and it was done. Slowly they began to pitch the camp. In three-quarters of an hour the work was finished. For another half-hour they rested, pushed chocolate into their mouths, and tried to swallow, chewing endlessly on the tasteless mush.

A little before one o'clock Peter and Harry made ready to begin their descent with the Sherpas.

Peter said, "Good luck, George. Good luck, Oscar. Billy and I will be up here by noon tomorrow, weather permitting."

It was a fine afternoon by then, for Maru, and the summit seemed very near—up a ridge, some dark rock, up . . . up . . . about 2,500 feet. Nothing much, after a night's rest.

Oscar said, "Well—we'll do our damndest. . . . Want us to bring a piece of rock down from the top for you?"

They shook hands. Then Peter turned and began to plod through the thick snow toward the towering ice sheath of Cleopatra's Needle. They were in two cordées this time, Harry and himself each behind three of the Sherpas.

The descent took four and a half hours. At a quarter to six they reached Camp Three after the hardest single day's mountaineering in Peter's experience.

He felt very tired, and tomorrow he and Billy Barnes would have to re-ascend the Needles. Up at Camp Four Oscar and George would be sleeping already—well, they would be trying to; sleep was as hard to catch as appetite at high altitudes.

Next morning at dawn he had a brief conference with Harry about the arrangements for the retreat from the mountain and at nine o'clock he set off with Billy Barnes. Conditions on the Needles seemed to be almost imperceptibly better about eleven each morning than at any other time.

Billy's day of comparative ease at Camp Three had done wonders for him. None of the rest of them would have

benefited so much, but he had the resilience of youth, and after an hour Peter asked him to lead.

The climbing itself seemed to be almost easy after the two trips with the Sherpas the day before, and their loads were light. Yet Peter did not feel cheerful.

His legs felt like thick cylinders of dough, and he had lost the precious rhythm of his breathing. He continuously prayed that Oscar and George had reached the summit, so that he would not have to go.

Yet that would be a most bitter blow for young Billy, who had set his heart on climbing Maru, and with his hero. The mountains were a glorious battleground to him, lit by scenes of heroism and treachery. He would not betray Peter, as Peter's own best friend had done. He would not leave him, as others had done time and again in the legendary days before the war. . . .

They came down the north face of Cleopatra's Needle, going very carefully, at noon. The tents of Camp Four were tucked against the leeward side of a small crag about two hundred feet from the base of the Needle. They spent ten minutes scanning the slopes that led towards the summit, and then crawled into one of the tents.

Peter lay uncomfortably on his back. He should have clumped round collecting snow. He should have lit the Primus and had water on the boil against the return of the summit party. He should have taken off his boots. . . .

He did nothing. After an hour Billy, who had dozed off, scrambled to his feet and set to work, leaving Peter alone.

He wondered fitfully whether Oscar and George had succeeded. He prayed that they had; then hastily invited God to cancel that last prayer. Gerry wanted him to climb the mountain, because Gerry must understand by now that it was not he who had shot him dead on the summit of Monte Michele.

Billy put his head through the flap and shouted, "I can see them—five hundred feet up—coming very slowly."

"Do they want help?" he asked. "Yes—no, I don't think so. It looks a simple slope, but they—they're coming very slowly. Mind if I go and give them a hand? I'm ready."

"All right," Peter said. The head vanished. Cursing, Peter found his gloves and crawled out into the shrieking wind. Billy was trudging slowly away from him, towards two dark

shapes on the snow slope to the west. The two shapes were moving, like black snails—slower than that.

The group seemed to move a little more quickly when Billy joined them. It was over an hour before they reached the tents. By then Peter had cocoa made, and he knew they had failed. Oscar was in slightly worse shape than George, but both of them were finished. Tomorrow, Peter thought, he'd be like that.

"I couldn't go on," Oscar muttered. . . .

Peter looked out at six the next morning, and found a powder snow blowing about the mountain and the wind in the north-east. The temperature was eight degrees below zero. He could only estimate the wind strength, since they had no anemometer. He put it at seventy-five, with gusts up to a hundred. An attempt on the summit would not be feasible in these conditions. But he must wait for an hour or so before he could decently cancel the effort. Billy lit the Primus.

He tried to eat. Against his will, he found himself weighing the problems, for he was now approaching his last decision. Should they—or could they—make the attempt? Billy respected his silence.

At eight o'clock he crawled outside and took a long look round the horizon. The sky immediately overhead was pale, cold blue. The wind had dropped. Forty now, with gusts to sixty. It was just feasible. He groaned, went into the tent, and said, "Are you ready, Billy?"

George and Oscar came out to see them off. There was no handshaking, and twenty minutes after he had made up his mind they began the ascent. He led because he believed that his longer experience of all types of snow and ice surface would enable him to choose the smoothest route. The total saving of effort would not be more than the equivalent of another thirty feet, presuming he never made a false step or induced Billy to make one. Thirty feet might be the difference, in the end.

He could feel his strength, flowing out, as on this same snow slope eight years before it had flowed in. It was best that he should use himself in these early stages, leaving Billy, who was moving well and breathing more easily than he, in better shape to go on alone in case he failed.

The light glared and wavered against his goggles. The glittering surface of the slope disappeared for seconds on end as the wind drew a screaming curtain of powder snow across it and whipped it on to tower over the southern gulfs in those spiral columns he knew so well. The familiar sludge of invisible lead gathered under his crampons and gradually sifted inside his boots, filling them up, squeezing his feet out of existence, then his calves, then. . . .

They reached the crest of the *névé*. Half-past eleven. Three hours. "How are we going, Billy?"

"A little slowly, Peter."

Good boy. Honest. Honesty is the best policy, absolutely essential in a mountaineer.

"Are you sure you're all right?" That was Billy speaking.

"Of course." That wasn't honest. Better amend it. "I think so. I can go on. For a bit."

Now what was there? A ridge, green-black rock. The windward side clear, the leeward dense with blown snow.

"Ready?"

"I can't hear," Billy shrieked. He'd lost his voice, then. Perhaps his vocal cords were frozen, or frost-bitten. You had to breathe in through the mouth, however much it hurt. Otherwise you never got enough oxygen to keep a fly alive.

He motioned for Billy to take the lead, and Billy set off. Billy was going slowly now. Better than himself, but very slow. This was painful work here. It was a temptation to take off the goggles to see where he was putting his feet.

Billy began to cut steps, the axe blade swinging up, falling of its own weight, a wedge of snow jumping silently out. Probably about 26,400

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feet here. They reached the place where Gerry threw away his axe. Peter could remember that time very clearly. Now what would happen? Would he be stopped again, by an unseen hand?

He got over it, Billy leading. "It's past one," Billy said a little later.

A little later again he saw Billy's face very close to his—obscuring the goggles, as a matter of fact—and his neck was twisted round. He took off his goggles to see better, but Billy put them on again and pulled him half upright.

"You fainted," Billy said reproachfully. Reproachful because he hadn't told him he was going to.

HE got up, Billy trying to push him down, but he won and jerked his legs into action. About twenty steps, he thought, and then the rock rose slowly, levitating. When he thought he was conscious again he asked, "Where are we?"

"Twenty-six thousand eight hundred. About."

Three hundred and forty-one feet to go. At this rate, two hours. Billy alone, an hour. He leaned against the rock fang on his right and motioned Billy on.

"No."

"Look. Let me rest. I'll never come again."

That unsettled Billy, because he had enough energy left to think. Billy knew this was Peter's mountain. But Billy could see he had reached the end. The will was there, but every time he tried to make it work his legs, he fainted.

Billy understood then that he could not go up there, and never would. So Billy could never go with him, his hero. Billy was young, so Peter said, "That's an order."

Billy helped him settle against the rock, and disappeared. Peter lay back, supporting himself with his ice axe dug into the snow at his feet. Waiting was as exhausting as moving. Physical effort to force himself to wait. Very hard, hard. . . .

It seemed suddenly that Emily was with him. But she had no business on this mountain, no business at all. True, he'd taken her up the Zmutt Ridge that day to show her that nothing was impossible, but Maru was impossible, because she was a woman. She should have stayed at home and let him tell her, one way and another, what kind of things there were on Maru.

"Go down at once," he said angrily. "You haven't brought Rodney and Elizabeth with you, have you?"

"Of course not," she said tartly. "How on earth do you think they'd get up here. . . ?"

The wind backed another two points, and he knew he was done for. Now it was blowing directly on him, and he was freezing to death. He had to move to keep alive. There was no place to move to, except up or down. He had no strength to do either.

He slipped down, his feet sliding slowly away from under him; very slowly; nothing swift or catastrophic at all.

Billy was there again, his goggle eyes in front of him. "The wind changed," Billy said. "I thought you'd be cold." He was rubbing snow into Peter's face, slapping him lightly with his gloves, pushing, pulling.

"Did you. . . ?"

"No. Only a hundred, hundred and fifty feet up. Twenty minutes."

"You could have done it?"

"Perhaps. I don't think so. Next time. . . . Gendarme Ridge looked a little easier from there. Come on, Peter. . . . Peter. . . . Peter. . . ."

Peter's legs began to move, very slowly, down the ridge. He had failed.

They were a hundred and seventy miles away when he saw Maru for the last time. They were all standing outside the big tent when she came out of far cloud, sailing up against a dark sky early in the night, starlight on her southern precipices.

Peter thought: *I shall not see her again, and do not want to.*

THE END

"Far, Far The Mountain Peak" will be published as a book by Michael Joseph in May, at 15s.



Day of the hunters

Continued from page 24

side and hooked his arms around a projecting boulder.

The worst was over. All he needed to do now was to let go the rock and slide a slow ten feet until he reached the boy. But he could not let go. No power on earth would ever induce him to unlock his arms and rely again on his feet. It had been like that at the Circe d'Hiver, he had let go and he had tipped the net and he had broken his neck. Only here was no net. . . .

Thompson let go and felt his body swing out into space. It was a short fall and he landed on all fours on a mound of earth and chalk. From there he could reach up and touch the boy. He was not dead, not even unconscious, but paralysed with terror. It was plain that, like himself a moment before, the boy dared not move.

"Hold on, son," Thompson croaked. "I'll have you off there in a minute." Thompson found a fresh position for his feet and looked round him. There was just room there for the two of them. They could wait there in comparative safety until a rope was lowered.

The boy had a better colour now and he did not struggle too much as Thompson laid him down on the scree. He felt over the body for broken bones, probing gently, and the boy winced when he touched his left arm.

"Think you could hold a rope?" Thompson asked.

The boy shook his head. "It hurts," he said.

"What's your name, son?"

"Tommy."

"How old are you?"

"Ten."

Thompson looked at the boy more closely. In spite of the mud and the bruises he was a good-looking kid, and he spoke well.

"Listen here, Tommy. This is what we do. We're safe enough here, you and me, and in a little while they'll be lowering a line over the cliff. We'll let you go up first and I'll tie you in a sort of cradle so you can't fall out. You know about knots, don't you?"

The boy nodded and his eyes were not so scared now. "My dad's in the navy. He taught me how to tie some."

"Well, that's fine, you'll be able to help me. Now what do you want to do until the rope comes over?"

"I watched you part of the way coming down, when you got close. Tell me where you learned to climb—that in the navy?"

Thompson laughed. "No, Tommy," he

said, "I learned that in a circus. You want to hear about it?"

He talked steadily then for ten minutes until Tommy's head began to nod. He pulled him in closer and sheltered him against the weather. . . .

They had been at the foot of the scree for an hour when the rope came looping down. It fell past Thompson and he reached out and caught the bight. Then he looked up and saw the foreshortened group on the cliff standing by a light hand-winch.

A man came down the rope with rescue tackle on his back. He landed lightly beside Thompson and nodded to him. "Well done, mate. I'll take the boy up first and come back to give you a hand."

"I can make it by myself." Thompson's voice was hard and unfriendly.

The other shrugged his shoulders. "Have it your way, chum. But I

LIES AND LYING—2

Men were born to lie and women to believe them.

John Gay

don't want to do this twice if you get stuck."

"You won't have to," Thompson told him, and helped strap the boy into a breeches cradle. The coastguard took a turn of the line through his own belt and went up the cliff with the boy, fending off with his feet as he went. Thompson sat looking at the water until the rope fell beside him again, then made a knot in the bight and rode up the cliff sitting on it.

The woman had gone off in an ambulance with her son and he was grateful for that, but a crowd of people surrounded him, beating him on the back and shouting breathless congratulations.

Thompson would not give his name and refused invitations of hot drinks and a change of clothing. He began to move forward, pushing roughly until the crowd gave before him and puzzled, rather indignant faces fell behind. . . .

The Palmieri car was parked on the main road. One hunter, at least, had made no mistake. Thompson reached the road and turned east again, away from the town.

An engine purred to life behind him and soon the long black car drew sleekly alongside. Thompson stopped and waited. The off-side rear door

swung open and a man got out. It was Scapulo.

"Get in," he said.

Thompson bent his head and slid into the low back seat next to Palmieri. Scapulo got in beside him and slammed the door. The driver gunned his engine and the car swept eastwards again through the rain.

It was hot inside the car and the windows were steamed over. Thompson felt suddenly sick and exhausted. All energy had drained from him and the personality of the rock-hard Italian beside him overpowered him.

"Thought you were never coming, Chris," said Palmieri.

"I wasn't if I could help it."

"That's understandable," said Palmieri. He put a hand inside his jacket and brought out a slim cigarette case. "Want a smoke?"

Thompson shook his head. He still felt deathly ill.

"That was a real nice job you did this afternoon," Palmieri said. "I have to hand it to you, Chris. I don't know where you boys find your nerve. But then you always did have plenty of nerve, didn't you? You and Mario."

"I'm a hero," said Thompson.

"And stop calling me Chris."

"You're crowding your luck, my friend," said Palmieri.

"My luck ran out long ago."

"You may be right. And again you may be wrong. Who can tell?"

Thompson roused himself then and sat up in his place. He looked hard at the gang leader. "Time was, Cesare, when you had me rattled. That was when I hid out in a room waiting for you. When you turned up on my doorstep I wasn't so worried, because I can run pretty good and you are pretty stupid. Since then I've spent a couple of hours on a cliff face with a kid who is a damned sight tougher than you and all your goons put together, so you can cut the rest of the build-up because it doesn't matter any more. Just get on with it and then leave me for the busies to pick up."

"Talk's cheap," said Palmieri. He leaned forward and tapped the driver's shoulder. The man braked and pulled the car in close beneath weeping trees. Palmieri got out and stood holding the door until Thompson joined him.

"This is where you walk," he said. "Is this a new way you've got?"

The Italian shrugged his heavy shoulders. Rain dripped off the snap brim of his hat. He looked very hard and confident. "I'm not going to spoil a fifty-guinea suit talking to you in the rain," he said. "If you're too big a mug to take a break when it's given you, that's no fault of mine."

"A break?" Thompson said wonderingly.

"That's what I said, mug. There's the road. It's all yours."

"I don't get it."

"Neither does Johnnie, and what's more he don't like it. Still, none of my boys are what you'd call family men."

"What would that mean?"

"Nothing much. Just that I knew a fellow once, had a son. Boy fell into the Regent's Cut. Another fellow passed by real close. Let him drown. Sons are hard to come by, mister. I've never had another and I still miss him. So long, mug. Be pure. And stay out of my hair."

He got back into the car which moved off at once. Thompson stood with his feet in wet grass watching it speed out of sight. He began to walk along by the telegraph poles, still bemused.

It was one hunter the less, but there were others who would not be gainsaid, and they must be very close by now. Thompson knew that there was only one thing to do about hunters like that when your feet were heavy as lead, when your soul was sick and you had to give it best.

He walked on another half mile and came to a telephone booth, opened the door and stepped inside. He gave it a minute before lifting the receiver, then put his index finger in the nine and dialled three times. When they answered he told them who he was and where he was. Then he replaced the telephone and leaned against the wall of the booth to wait.

THE END

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A lady called Brazil

Continued from page 11

move, Johnny boy. Don't move. This thing might go off."

"Pull a gun on me, you little rat."
"Not on you exactly, but I want to show you something. Come outside."

Brazil couldn't say a word. She just stood with her big blue eyes and her mouth wide open. Freddy, she thought. That Freddy. He's mad. He'll be killed.

Freddy threw his gun in the air and caught it in his hand by the butt. It was still pointing at John. "I can use these things," he said. "Coming?"
"I'll come."

They went out, followed by five or six men with glasses in their hands.

Outside the door, leaning against the wall, was an ox yoke with four skeys in place. Freddy set up a skay, one of the notched hardwood pins that hold the ox yoke in place.

"We'll have a shooting match, Johnny boy," he said. He was a different man with a gun in his hand, a little gamecock spurred for battle. He cocked his hat and looked at Black John.

"Stakes," someone said.
"A fiver," John said.

"No," Freddy said.
"Afraid, Freddy?" John said.

"No; make it a hundred."

"All right, if you want to lose your money—a hundred. No—a hundred be damned." John pulled a bag of dust from his pocket and threw it on the ground. "I'd say that's nearer three hundred. Will you match it, ounce for ounce?"

"I'll match it."

Black John pointed to a bare piece of ground near the hotel, a vacant lot.

Freddy laughed. "No," he said.

"Take the skay and go over there, Jan."

Jan, a big Dutchman, went where he pointed.

"Now throw it up."

"Up, Freddy?"

"Ja, up into the air, up like a bird."

"You can't hit it. No man can hit it," the Dutchman said.

"Chuck it up," Freddy turned to Black John. "Want first shot?"

"You take it. No one can hit it."

"Throw it, Jan. Throw it high."

Jan threw. The skay went up and twisted in the air. As it turned, Freddy fired, and the skay jumped away from the bullet as it struck. Before it fell, he'd shot and hit it again.

"That," the Dutchman said, as he went to pick up the skay, "that I do not believe. No, not even when I see it."

"Your turn, John," Freddy said.

"Take the dust, Freddy."

Freddy put out his hand. "Keep the dust, John. You see, it wasn't fair. You didn't know I could do it."

"Then—why . . . ?" John took Freddy's hand.

"Well, friend, I just wanted to make things clear, wanted it to get around. No roughstuff in the Arms while I'm above ground."

Brazil came up to him. She had seen it all. "Freddy," she said, "you can shoot like that?"

"Yes," he said. "It's a gift I have. A trick."

"Then why didn't anyone know?"

"I'll tell you," he said. "Once I shot a man."

"They didn't catch you?"

"He was a murderer. I shot him and I got a certificate—a commendation. No one could get him. They were afraid, so I shot him. But I don't like it. No," he said, "I don't like to kill things. Not even men."

He turned back to John. "Now," he said, "we're both courting Brazil, but we'll court fair and the best man win."

"You mean you don't mind?"

"I mind, but that's not the way to do things."

"You could kill me."

"Yes, I could. Look here," Freddy said. He put his gun in his holster.

"Now," he said, and before the word was out of his mouth he'd pulled the gun and fired two shots. "A trick," he said. "I've done it in a circus. It is a gift from God."

"Now we'll have a drink," Black John said. "It's on me, boys. Come on

back. Fill 'em up, Brazil, and we'll drink to little Freddy Barker."

This was all very fine, and Freddy was friends with John now. But John was still a dangerous rival, a fascinating man, no doubt about that. And Freddy had promised to court fair. Well, there was fair and fair. He'd have to make a plan. . . .

The next Saturday he was in the bar, talking to Black John, when his boy came to the door and asked for him. He went out into the street to talk to him.

"Boss, he's here."

"Where?"

The boy pointed up the street to the Standard.

"All right. You go and watch him. I'll come soon."

He went back to the bar. "John," he said, "did you ever think of riding your horse in here?"

"Can't say I did."

The horse, a big bay, was hitched outside.

"Why not? It'd rile that Fat Charlie if you did it first. I've heard he planned to do it at the Standard."

"Did he now? Then I will, by heaven." John was out of the door and mounted in a flash. "Hold the door, boys."

"Stop!" Brazil shouted. "A home from home this is, not a bloomin' stable."

But by that time John was in.

Freddy said: "Give him a drink, a real one." He passed it up to John. Someone gave him another, and he began to wobble in the saddle.

Freddy went out into the street and ran back into the hotel again.

"Get him down, get him down," he called. "Fat Charlie's coming to get him."

By that time Black John was sitting on the floor with his back to the bar. His eyes were glazed.

"What'll we do?" Brazil said. "Get that horse out. What'll we do with John?"

"Got a bed?" Freddy asked.

"Yes."

"Then we'll put him to bed. You hurry. I'll go and try to stop Fat Charlie."

He ran up the street and into the Standard. "Charlie," he shouted, "Black John's ridden his horse into the bar at the Arms. He says he won't

move till you come and get him. He says you're afraid."

"Afraid? Me afraid of that big black mole snake? Where's my horse?"

"In the stable."

"Get him out. Saddle him up."

The horse was brought out, and Charlie jumped into the saddle. For a fat man he was very agile. Before he knew what had happened, Freddy was up behind him. They rode into the bar together.

"Where is he?" Charlie roared.

"Where's that black-hearted devil that stole my girl? I'll fry him in oil."

"Here, drink this," Freddy said. "I'll go and find him." He went through the door into the living quarters.

Brazil ran after him. "You couldn't stop him?"

"No," he said. "I tried hard. Where's John?"

"In bed and snoring."

"Good. Just leave this to me."

He went back. "He'll be here in a minute, Charlie," he said. "But you might as well have another drink while you're waiting."

"I'll drink. And then I'll skin him alive. All alive!" Charlie took the drink Freddy gave him.

Brazil was wringing her hands. "A stable!" she said. "Just look at my floor. Horses! What would Ben say?"

Fat Charlie was wavering in the saddle. "Bring him here," he said. His voice faded out and he began to slip.

"Catch him, boys," Freddy said. They caught him.

"Take out the horse."

"Now what?" Brazil said.

"Put him to bed," Freddy said.

"There isn't another bed."

"Put him in the same one. It's a double bed, isn't it?"

They half carried and half dragged Fat Charlie into the bedroom. "Take off his boots," Freddy said, "and shove him in. Put his feet on the pillow." He laughed. "Like twins in a cot," he said, "foot to head, the pair of 'em. And now we'll leave 'em. Just take their guns, boys."

"You're mad, Freddy," Brazil said.

"You'll see," he said.

And they did. But not till morning. . . .

In the morning Black John and Fat Charlie came into the bar together, arm in arm. "We're partners," John said. "Ain't that so, Fatty?"

"That's right," Fat Charlie said. "You see, she was a no-good anyway, and not enough for two chaps like us to quarrel about. A habit it was," he said, "just a habit." He patted John on the back.

"A habit?" Brazil said. The word sounded sort of familiar in her ears.

"And now a hair of the dog that bit us, Brazil," Charlie said.

They drank and went to the stables to get their horses, mounted and charged up the street, firing their guns in the air and yelling blue murder, so that all the Kaffirs ran and all the dogs barked.

Brazil left the bar and came to Freddy. "How did you do it?"

"I knew," he said. "You see, they're like bulls—very evenly matched. And bulls like that take a lot of trouble to avoid each other. They know they may kill each other. So I thought I'd bring them together, in case they met in here and busted up your mirror. We don't want any shooting in the Arms, do we, Goldilocks?"

And before she knew what had happened he'd put his arms round her neck and pulled her face down to his. When he'd finished kissing her, he said: "Well?"

She said: "Well, what? That was nice. You know, Freddy, it's going to be a habit. But tell me something—"

"I'll tell you anything."

"How did they get drunk so quick?"

Freddy put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a little flat bottle. "Methylated," he said.

"So you're clever, too?"

"Clever?" Freddy said, surprised. "Nothing clever about that. Everybody knows about methylated, don't they?"

THE END

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Land of singing death

Continued from page 19

us the buffalo broke down into a walk. Far behind him four boys appeared and with them the dogs. The buffalo broke into a trot just a few yards from the ambush position laid across the plain by our group.

It came on steadily almost for the centre of the group. The boys let it come within ten yards and burst from the trees and showered the beast with their spears. It raised its head, straightened its neck and came at a gallop in the general direction of the tree behind which Oondabund and I were standing.

The boys were all shouting to me to climb the tree. Instead, I fitted a spear to the woomera when the bull was about forty yards off. It came past the tree, twenty feet out, and I went after it, with Oondabund just a yard behind. I threw my spear on the run. It hit the buffalo on the back and stuck in just behind its ear.

As I ran the buffalo wheeled and came back on me. I went for a tree, my spears and woomera forgotten. A long, spindly paperbark caught my eyes and I raced for it and shinned a good six feet up its trunk.

But the buffalo was not concerned with me. It came thundering back, well clear of the tree, with aborigines going in all directions.

For the last time the buffalo stopped. And this was its end. The boys turned and raced in with their spears.

We camped by the kill and ate and replenished our mud armour during the next two days. After the long and strenuous march to the billabong and the strain of the hunt, even the aborigines were tired.

I learned now that the mud served a double purpose. To say that we were "high" after these days of violent exercise is to put the case mildly. But it was not until we had washed off the mud in the billabong that I realized this. Since wild game lives by its scent sense, hunting aborigines need the protective coating of mud to enable them to hunt undetected. Even though they sweat heavily the mud blankets the smell.

WHEN we came back to Mahrdei's camp, mud-caked, footsore but supremely satisfied, I might have been a schoolboy receiving the congratulations of his headmaster. I belonged. I was one of the tribe.

Mahrdei insisted that I should go through the tribal initiation ceremonies. I had vague ideas myself that it would be good for my work. I would have more authority and respect. But the thought of appearing in more civilized spots with my back and shoulders and chest covered with ash-filled, ineradicable weals had a sobering effect.

I appreciated the honour Mahrdei wanted to bestow on me; but, as tactfully as I could, declined.

I did not delay at Mahrdei's camp

Our fight to save the Avon

Continued from page 15

had £45 in the bank. Without batting an eyelid I said: "It's a deal."

Fortunately, the Mayor of Evesham came to our rescue and launched a Save the Avon Appeal. In five months, after a series of water carnivals, whist drives, dances and a Queen of the Avon competition, he handed us cheques totalling £4,500. This more than covered our costs.

Our only labour costs were a pint of beer a day for each of the troops.

Meanwhile, the Engineers had completely rebuilt the lock, and on August 1, Sir Raymond Priestley, vice-chancellor of Birmingham University, declared it open to traffic.

Looking back, I should say that we started to turn the corner in 1952. The trust had already bought the navigation rights from me at cost and had

paid for the lock gates at Strensham. As we showed we were worthy of support, more and more money came in and our membership rose.

As conditions improved more boats used the river. We had two lock-keepers, one in the original house at Tewkesbury, the other in a converted miller's house which we bought for £50 at Strensham. The tolls they collected rose steadily. When I owned the navigation rights personally they totalled £51 a year. In the first year under the trust they rose to £195 and in the two following years to £300 and £450.

We commissioned more and more work. The D. & I. W. E. replanked the gates at Nafford. We repaired the walls of the entrance lock at Tewkesbury and had new gates fitted. Wyre Lock had no gates at all. We supplied them and cleared out the choking silt and weeds. Below Pershore we dredged the channel and restored the river to its old course before overhauling the lock.

The hardest task of all was at Fladbury. Here, we decided to replank the

upper lock gates ourselves. The appalling weather made the job more difficult. Week after week we found the gates covered with ice which we had to chip away before we could start work on them. To stop ourselves slipping into the river we worked with ropes round our waists.

We still have some way to go. It is tantalizing to stand on the Jubilee Bridge on the main Evesham-Pershore road and see the three-quarter mile stretch between Cropthorne and Fladbury. The channel is silted. Fladbury Lock needs deepening and it needs a new pair of gates. We could do it in twelve months—if we had £15,000. Unfortunately costs have risen and though we have raised £25,000—£5,000 more than our original appeal—we are £3,000 in the red.

We are also faced with heavy maintenance costs. A thirty-five foot stretch of bank recently slipped two feet. It will cost £1,500 to put right. That is a year's membership subscriptions.

But we have substantially achieved

MY BROTHER

Eric



A VERY enthusiastic cricketer when he was young, Eric played at every available opportunity. One day he sent a ball crashing through a neighbour's french window. The neighbour was an old man, renowned for his fierceness, and he immediately demanded 7s. 6d. from my brother. Eric, in a panic, rushed round to the cinema, where I was employed as a pianist, scaled a wall and crept through the back door.

I was first aware of his presence when from somewhere beneath the piano I heard a furious hissing. Looking down, I saw Eric and, under cover of my playing, he told me in whispers of his predicament. I am afraid I made him kneel there through all the perils of Pearl White and then grudgingly handed over the money.

Eric was also fond of rugger and, though he is somewhat portly today, he was exceptionally nimble in those days. He was also very quick-witted, a fact which stood him in good stead during one game.

He had raced with the ball almost the entire length of the field when an opponent tried to tackle him and ripped off most of his shorts. Luckily the pavilion was next to the opponents' goal line and Eric, without losing momentum, changed direction clutching the remains of his shorts and disappeared into the

pavilion, still holding the ball.

We were a musical family and even at the age of two Eric toddled round the rooms of our home near Leeds, tapping and beating rhythmically on stools, tables or walls to any music he heard. As I played the piano I was delighted when, for his eighth birthday, he was given a violin. Soon he could play by ear and the house resounded to "My Old Dutch" and the *William Tell* Overture.

He was always painstaking in everything he did. He became fascinated with radio sets and spent many hours building models. Once, he invited me and some of my friends to listen to a recording of *Parsifal* on his collection of crystal sets.

We were all surprised to learn that we would have to sit in the bathroom, as this was apparently the best place for crystal reception. Eight of us solemnly sat on the bath, each with an earphone to one ear and a finger in the other. To move meant spoiling the reception and we spent a most uncomfortable hour under my brother's baleful eye.

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS BROTHER? See page 40

also died. On her death the entire community, with the exception of Oondabund and Narlebar and my own carriers, went bush, leaving Muningreda deserted.

I immediately dispatched one of the carriers for Rolling Bay, requesting that the natives there should come and help at Muningreda. They responded well and, with these reinforcements, I began to make a landing strip behind the trading post. Working night and day with only one axe, a shovel and a lot of sharp sticks, we cleared seven hundred yards, enough, I thought, to allow the Flying Doctor's aeroplane from Darwin to land safely.

Leaving Oondabund in charge of the party, with instructions to finish the airstrip, I sailed on October 11 in my cutter, the *Amity*, for Milingimbi. From there I got in touch by radio with the Native Affairs Branch in Darwin, requesting food, blankets and medicine to be sent to Muningreda.

The Flying Doctor service and the Native Affairs Branch wasted no time in getting into action. I soon got word that Cadet Patrol Officer Jack Doolan had been flown to Muningreda with a load of stores, medical supplies and blankets, and I returned to the trading post. Fortunately, the epidemic—which was now thought to be measles—proved less serious than I had first feared and gradually the interior tribesmen began to reappear at Muningreda.

SHORTLY afterwards Doolan and I were ordered back to Darwin. Before leaving, we made a couple of foot patrols up the Tomkinson and Liverpool Rivers in an attempt to contact some of the inland groups again.

I came into Mahrdei's camp late one afternoon and I was there with Oondabund and the other boys before he knew that I had arrived. It was then that he gave me my native name, Marlenemar, or Whispering Wind. He said that the *balander* (white man) travelled like the breeze in the she-oak trees that grew by the billabong.

I gave Mahrdei almost everything I had brought with me, tobacco, sugar, tea, flour, and said goodbye with real regret.

After returning to Darwin, I settled down into a detailed survey of Arnhem Land and aboriginal life there. I saw great possibilities for development of the land by the aborigines and for the aborigines.

For years we have dismissed the aborigines contemptuously as the lowest form of mankind. They are not. They are a likeable, artistic and highly intelligent people, adaptable to many kinds of work on land and sea.

And with the right white men to direct operations, economic development could be wedded to a tribal renaissance that would yet save the Australian aborigine.

THE END

Syd Kyle-Little's book will be published at 18s. by Hutchinson on May 27, under the title of "The Whispering Wind."

our aim. Except for the stretch between Cropthorne and Fladbury the Avon is now open to navigation. From Tewkesbury, boats can sail nineteen miles and from Evesham almost nine miles. In 1950 there were only twenty to thirty boats moored on the Avon. Now there are ten times that number and tolls have risen to £750.

Once the river is open all the way to Evesham our prospects are rosy. Evesham is the centre of the Midlands market gardening industry and imports thousands of tons of fertilizers a year. This could be carried more cheaply by river than by any other means.

After that, who knows? The trust will probably buy from me (at cost) Wyre Mill, a derelict property which I am developing as a social club and boating centre. Later, we may even try to reopen the navigation to Stratford itself. Our future will be as insecure as our past. But it is part of a Briton's character to get satisfaction out of achievement. And we can see what we've done.

THE END

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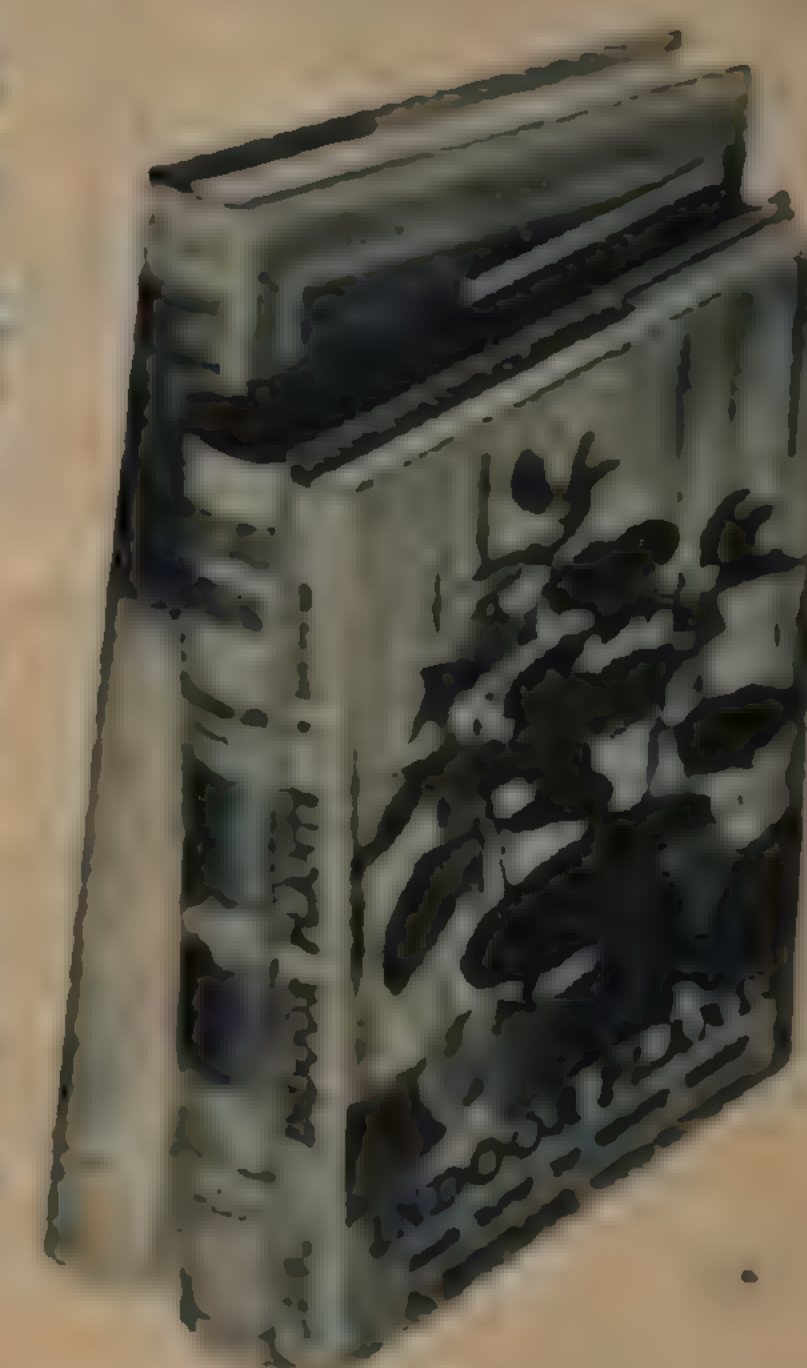
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Loneliest island in the world

Continued from page 27

were wiping themselves unhurriedly, on a small, white apron at her waist. Her heavy bosom was constrained, with difficulty, in a white blouse. The encounter over, she retired honourably to her coign of vantage by the hearth, leaving to her husband the social duties of seeing us seated on various boxes and chests about the room.

With slow, deliberate movements, eloquent of her determination not to be flustered or even perceptibly interested by the unexpected arrival of strangers, Charlotte filled a pot with water from a tall pitcher and placed it on a grid over the fire. Then, settling her enormous bulk back on the tiny box which served as her seat, she relapsed into stolid silence, looking occasionally at us but more frequently at the pot.

We gazed round at our first cottage interior. The room was fairly large and was well kept. The roof, walls and floor were boarded inside, the actual stone of the building visible only in the wide, open fireplace. Some attempts at decoration had been made. The walls were painted in two colours, the top half white, the bottom blue.

Pictures from an ancient magazine had been stuck here and there. The tiny recess of the single window had been neatly boarded and curtained with a rag of butter muslin. A small square table stood against the wall near the window and was covered with a faded green cloth. The boxes on which we sat were of the same kind as sea chests, painted and covered on top with pieces of fabric—one of them embroidered unexpectedly with the name *Jane Austen*. On the mantelpiece were various oddments, including a clock, and some shelves in a corner bore a few antique articles of crockery.

This room appeared to be the all-purpose living-room. The only other apartment in the cottage was a small bedroom, which was nothing more than a box-like portion of the main room partitioned off by a plank wall.

Old Bob said that the wood for lining and furnishing the house, as of many other cottages in the village, had been salvaged from the sailing ships wrecked on Tristan in the old days. The young people of Tristan nowadays had often to wait three or four years to get married—until the bridegroom had collected enough driftwood to start building his house.

Since the advent of steamships, wrecks, and even visits, had become rare. Once, Bob said, a tree trunk of immense size—perhaps of South American redwood—had been washed up. For a year it had been frugally chopped at by the whole population.

The old islander sat stiffly erect on the sofa, his hands resting on the knob of his stick, which was held between his knees, his bright, protuberant eyes swivelling from one face to another.

About the island itself Bob had much to tell us. It was apparently not what it used to be. In his youth, food had been far more plentiful and varied. Of eggs and milk there had never been any shortage, and all the women had known how to make butter and cheese: now the young women knew nothing.

Ships had been regular callers then and there had been plenty of trade. In exchange for fresh vegetables, warships had given cash, which the islanders had spent on board at the dry canteen; whaling vessels had paid in clothes and groceries. Now ships rarely called.

On the subject of whales, Bob told us that he himself had started a whaling "industry" on Tristan after his return from South Africa. He described with enthusiasm the sport the island men had had out in their boats, harpooning the whales.

"Did you kill many?" we asked.

"No," he replied in a tone that seemed to rebuke us for irrelevance, "we never killed none."

Once, seals had also been numerous on the island. Now they had all left. When asked why, he explained, without any sense of responsibility, that

STRANGE TALES OF THE SEA • 11

by Commander Douglas Duff

An albatross saved old John's life



COLERIDGE'S Ancient Mariner put the blame for his misfortunes on having shot an albatross. A modern mariner, fifty-three year old veteran seaman John Oakley, has proved that the great bird can be a bringer of luck.

In July, 1956, the 20,000-ton liner *Southern Cross*, pride of the Shaw Savill Line, was slicing her way through a moderately rough sea, a few hundred miles from her Australian destination.

Her promenade decks were deserted. In the southern hemisphere in late May, winter is approaching, and the sea was rough. Most of the passengers were amusing themselves in the liner's comfortable interior.

Seaman Oakley should have known better. He had been long enough at sea to heed the old saying of the sailorman, "One hand for the ship, the other one for yourself"—meaning that a man needs to make sure of his grip before he works outboard. Accidents can happen to everyone—and Able Seaman Oakley went hurtling into the sea.

Only a small boy, playing on deck, saw what had happened. By the time he ran screaming to give the alarm, poor Oakley was a long way astern.

A man's head is not much of

a mark in a rough and tumbling sea, especially when no one knows just where to look.

The captain turned the *Southern Cross* to steam back along her wake, hoping but scarcely expecting to find the sailor. The decks were crowded with passengers, all eager to spot Oakley's head in the welter of breaking seas, but it seemed more than likely that he had gone to his death.

Then the officers on the bridge saw the spread wings of a great albatross circling a mile away. Twelve feet from tip to tip those wings were easily spotted. Round and round the bird circled, spiralling tightly. Then suddenly it dived.

When it reappeared, high on the crest of a breaking sea, it was perched on the missing man's chest, while John Oakley floated on his back.

The falls rattled, a lifeboat splashed and his shipmates dashed away to haul him in. Sturdy old John was shaken, but a day in the ship's hospital put him back on his feet.

He is one sailorman who will never dispute that the old man-of-war bird, which is what seamen call the albatross, is the greatest luck-bringer on the Seven Seas.

the islanders had shot so many of them that the others had stopped coming.

The birds, too, had all migrated to the neighbouring islands. Nightingale and Inaccessible, to which the men had to row or sail to fetch penguins', petrels' and mollyhawks' eggs. Again we ventured a question, though by now we knew the answer.

"Why don't the birds nest here now?"

"Because the islanders shoot them off."

After a pause, he offered us another example of the island's deterioration: "Even the goats iss gone."

Also shot, we supposed. But no! It appeared that one day they had all run down a slope of the mountain and hurled themselves over a cliff into the sea. We waited for a further explanation, but Bob did not seem to think any was required.

On this forlorn note he ended his

MY BROTHER ERIC

See page 38



Eric Robinson, the TV conductor, is the brother of Stanford Robinson.

laid aside its shawl of cloud to reveal shoulders clad in a new garment of green scrub, blazoned with furze.

The cottagers emerged from their chrysalis, too busy to be shy: men drove ox-carts laden with brushwood for the Christmas cooking-fires; women sat in doorways carding wool; boys carried home the first early potatoes; girls clustered in chattering groups, their knitting-needles flying as their tongues wagged.

Our acquaintance began slowly to widen, largely through our contacts with old Bob Glass and with Kenneth Rogers, who acted as mess-boy and assistant cook at the station. Working among us daily, Kenneth had lost all shyness.

At twenty, he was young enough to be adaptable. He was our sponsor among the young people. He had soon introduced most of us to his family.

The home was dominated by his mother Agnes, a small, energetic person with bright eyes, a quick manner of speaking, a ready smile, and a face as wrinkled and red-cheeked as a ripe crab-apple.

She was not a native of Tristan, but an Irishwoman—the sister of Bob Glass's first wife, Elizabeth. She had come to the island at the same time as her sister, had married first a Joe Glass, who had died, and then William Rogers, who had become blind. She had brought up a family of three children by her first husband and five by her second, and had managed to provide them all with a rudimentary education beyond that of most of the other islanders.

On Christmas morning several of us attended service in the village. The little church of Saint Mary-the-Virgin stood in the very centre. It was a low, long-shaped building, stone-walled and with a dry-stone enclosure, just like another cottage; but it was distinguished from its shock-headed neighbours by a corrugated iron roof, at one end of which was erected a little white-painted wooden cross and at the other the rescued ship's bell of the wrecked *Mabel Clark*.

The islanders sat in silent, close-packed rows on benches—men on one side of the aisle, women and children on the other.

During the afternoon a party was given at the naval station for the village children, who came with their mothers. In the evening, in the same room, we were hosts to the grown-ups at another "dawnce." Once again there was the screech of Andrew Swain's "woileen" and the drone of Alfred Green's melodeon.

FROM Kenneth we learned more of the dance-night customs. As in church, it was not considered proper for the men to sit with the women. A husband, having brought his wife to the hall, left her to find her own seat while he mingled with the self-conscious males in the middle of the room. Still less pardonable would it have been for a young man to place himself beside one of the unmarried girls or hold open conversation with her. Only after long courtship and recognized acceptance was he permitted to escort her.

We were surprised by Ken's assurance that it was on these dance nights that many of the island love affairs began. The segregation was so strict that there appeared no opportunity for intimacies.

Island custom, however, had evolved an explicit though unformulated code for the affections. Selection of partners, as Kenneth explained, was by no means as haphazard as it looked.

If a girl rose for the first dance with any young man other than her own brother or cousin she was openly acknowledging him as an admirer; great would have been the scandal if a wife had the first dance with any man but her husband. During subsequent dances, if an unmarried man chose the same partner on three occasions he was declaring—for all to see, including her parents—his wish to "come a-co't'n'."

"Annie Rooney" was the sweet-hearts' dance and carried a special significance.

"You-all gotta watch out," Kenneth

warned, "else you come 'yah fa' to dawnce an' you go 'way fa' to git married."

Among the young women present I again observed Emily, the girl I had noticed at the previous dance. Among those who danced with her were Wilson, Bob Glass's youngest son, and—for one stumbling attempt—myself.

After the first blushing murmur of consent she remained silent and kept her black eyelashes lowered. For the next item I was succeeded as her partner by Kenneth Rogers—smiling broadly.

To my great surprise I observed Emily talking volubly to him throughout the dance, her eyes raised and sparkling; and repeatedly as she talked her dark gaze flashed in my direction but withdrew instantly when it encountered mine.

At what we considered the early hour of ten the entertainment ended. Only Kenneth stayed to wash the teacups, while I lingered to set the chairs again around the mess-table ready for breakfast.

"Tell you what, sonny," he called from the kitchen, "Hemly say you was a rale sawny fella. 'At means you ain't got no talk. You didn't say no sweet wo'ds while you was dawncein'." He withdrew with a roar of laughter.

SOON "Noo Yah," as Ken called it, approached in a blaze of sunshine, the nights like a series of hot gasps. True to the Scots origin of the first settler, the islanders reserved their private merrymaking for that occasion. On New Year's Eve boisterous groups passed from house to house. The men were fantastically disguised, some dressed as women, others with soot-blackened faces and carrying cows' tails.

Sidney Glass was beating a big drum—an oil drum—and old Andrew's fiddle fairly squeaked with delight. In each cottage that they visited an impromptu dance and sing-song were held.

There were only seven family names on Tristan: Glass, Swain, Green, Rogers, Hagan, Repetto and Lavarello. The Glass family had been longest on the island. The first Swain and the first Rogers had also belonged to the early days of the settlement. The Greens were descended from a Dutch sailor, Peter Green or Pieter Groen, who had been shipwrecked.

The Hagan family derived from Andrew Hagan, an American whaling captain who had settled there. The Repettos and Lavarellos were the most recent stock, originating from two survivors of a wrecked Italian brigantine.

One of these castaways still lived on Tristan and was among the earliest acquaintances we made—largely because of our association with old Bob Glass. A little old man seemed to be Bob's neighbour. He wore a floppy, broad-rimmed hat and a large, white moustache. The hat was worn at a slightly rakish angle, throwing over the face a shadow, from which only the prominent moustache emerged, flecked silver by the sunlight. Bob said that he was Gaetano Lavarello, who had been cast away on Tristan fifty years before. He had married an island girl and was now the head of a family of three generations in the village.

His name, we found on seeking his acquaintance, was invariably shortened to Gaeta; and by many of the young people, even those unrelated to him, he was affectionately called Uncle. Talking to Gaeta was like looking into an old mirror which magically gave back reflections of fifty years before.

He had been born at Camogli, near Genoa. At the age of eleven he had run away from the vineyards and gone to sea in a sailing ship. His first passage, he remembered, had been from "Swansee-ah" to Odessa—where the cold made him long again for Italy.

Gaeta loaded "teaka wood" at Rangoon and "colda beefa" in South America while still no more than a boy. He had been impressed into the Italian Navy—"t'ree years a blue-jack"—and had been glad to escape. He had visited many British ports, including Liverpool—when work started on a Mersey railway tunnel: "Guess they musta got 'em a finisha



"Hope we're not too late!"

before now. Guess they musta gotta some sorta wagons to taka the peopla t'rough."

The long, cabin-like room of his cottage, next to Bob Glass's, was often crowded in the evenings while Gaeta spun his "yarns," as the islanders always called them. His wife, Jane, was a neat, matronly woman, some years younger than her husband, still fresh-coloured but with grey hair, neatly parted. How she would shake and shriek proudly with laughter when Gaeta told the assembled company his tales! "Tell you what," the young folk would exclaim as they left his cottage in the evening. "Old Gaeta can make you laugh." And that on Tristan was a great recommendation.

Andrea Repetto, who had been shipwrecked on Tristan with Gaeta, had been a man of character who had taught the islanders many things and had been, in the last years before his death, recognized as their headman. His widow survived as headwoman and was the only woman of the village we heard regularly referred to by the title of Mrs. and her surname. A visit to Mrs. Repetto we felt almost as a duty.

With one exception, her children were married and lived with their families in cottages of their own. The exception was her eldest son, William, who lived at home—the most eligible bachelor in the community. To his mother he was Willy; to the rest of the population he was "Chief." We knew him as the stolid, heavily built, middle-aged man who had come on board the ship on the day of our arrival.

The Repetto house was the biggest and best furnished in the village, standing well back near the mountain slope. It had a large flax garden in front and there were two steps up to the door. Inside, it was lined throughout with timber, all of it from wrecked ships.

Mrs. Repetto, now sixty-seven, was a rather stern-looking woman, with a brown, lined face, angular and masculine but shrewdly intelligent. Her scanty hair was drawn severely back and bound in a tight bun behind: like everything else about her, we felt, it was put firmly in its place and dared not stray. She told us something of her position and that of the chief. Both had been officially appointed by one of the missionaries, Father Partidge, who had been empowered by the British Government to create a headman, a headwoman, an island council and other officers.

The appointments meant little to most of the islanders. The chief's position was particularly anomalous. Ever since the time of Corporal Glass, the original founder, who had been known as Governor Glass before he died, there had customarily been one man to whom the settlers turned as leader. But a feeling for equality, traditional among the settlers, tended to restrict the power of the headman.

In any event, his duties were mainly

formal. As there was no record of crime no magistrate was needed—and the most effective policeman was public opinion. In trading with visiting ships or welcoming travellers and expeditions a spokesman was necessary; and in the absence of a minister, the headman had often conducted marriage, christening and burial services, as a ship's captain may.

For these functions it was natural that one of the more educated members of the community should be chosen. Our friend Bob Glass had at one time enjoyed the distinction, after his return from South Africa, and still told us with pride of the "sarmons" in which he had displayed his "larnin'." Eventually, Andrea Repetto had been designated chief by the missionary and, on his death, his son Willy had succeeded, his powers further circumscribed by the presence of our own naval garrison, with its padre and surgeon-commander.

On the other hand, Mrs. Repetto had acquired, as much by the force of her own character as by her standing as headwoman, a position of real influence among the women of the island. She was the repository of much

LIES AND LYING—3

There is nothing so pathetic as a forgetful liar.

F. M. Knowles

knowledge of home medicine and midwifery that had been handed down among the old women and that was more essential to the life of the settlement than the formal ministrations of the headman.

Once she led a party of her benchwomen to the home of Long Lena, the laziest housewife in the village, and had cleaned out the cottage. When Lena had shaken her fist at the women as they were leaving and had called insults after them, Mrs. Repetto had brought the matter before the council.

Long Lena was sentenced to sit for a day in specially improvised stocks in the middle of the village and to be excluded from church on three consecutive Sundays—a severe punishment where the weekly churchgoing was a valued form of social enjoyment.

But the typical family governance on Tristan was patriarchal and the women's position was subordinate, even subservient. An example was the household of the oldest inhabitant, Sam Swain, whose imperious will—after eighty-six years of life—still held sway over a home as crude and disorderly as that of Mrs. Repetto was impeccable.

Sam himself was an imperial figure with full, white beard, a high, wide brow traced with fine lines, silvery hair

flowing back from a well-defined hair-line, large dark eyes and arched grey brows that gave him a touch of arrogance. He was proud of his ancestor for two reasons: first, because, as his tombstone showed, Thomas Swain had lived to the age of 102; secondly, because he had served under Nelson in the Victory and had been, according to the legend preserved among his descendants on Tristan, the very seaman who had caught Nelson in his arms when he fell at Trafalgar.

Sam Swain showed signs of rivalling the longevity of his grandfather. He could still hop agilely across the "watron" that flowed near his door, and he seemed to carry his stick as much for flourish as for support. His laugh was hearty, and his voice could still deepen to a stentorian bellow when he was crossed.

In his straight-backed chair he would sit with his favourite grandson playing at his feet, and visitors approaching the door would hear the peremptory thump of his stick on the floor and the ring of his voice calling his daughter or his son-in-law, who lived with him: "Rachel!" "Harbert!"

Once a month one of his sons came to trim the old man's beard, of which he was very vain. The moustaches swept down over the corners of his mouth, but he would deftly lift them back to claim a kiss from each of the young girls who visited him.

Old Sam was a great pipe smoker, yet he had not taken up smoking until the age of seventy-four. He had saved the pleasure till his old age.

"What did you smoke before we came, when you couldn't get tobacco?" we asked.

"Dock leaves," he answered. "They's rale hawt on the tongue, but they bu'n foine."

Sam knew how to do many things which had been practised by the first generation of settlers, things unknown to his neighbours. He grew a variety of vegetables unseen in the other gardens. And he said he could make matches. They consisted of slivers of wood dipped in melted sulphur, which he obtained from a small outcrop at the far end of Big Beach.

"Do they burn well?" we asked.

"Sure, they bu'n foine," he said, "so lawng as you-all got a foire or a tinderbox fa' to loight 'em."

These and others like them were the elders of the settlement—the Old Hands.

Early in the year the sheep were sheared. When carded and spun—operations that might be carried on indoors by the women at any time of the year—the wool provided a lasting supply of yarn for the ever-hungry knitting-needlers.

Woollen garments formed the entire underwear and a great part of the outerwear of both men and women. It was the almost incessant task of wives and mothers to knit stockings and guernseys for their families. They walked about knitting, sometimes in twos and threes, paying neighbourly visits during the warm evenings, clicking their needles as they talked.

When a girl received with favour the attentions of a young man she would knit for him a pair of stockings, and later a "ganzey," and the strength of her affection was told in the number and brightness of the rings on them.

If the young man appeared in a ganzey emblazoned with four such marks of her love, it was known that he had reached that stage of acknowledged tenderness in which he was permitted to make her moccasins, in place of her father. On such evidence relatives could expect a wedding.

Spinning was the work of the girls, who were sometimes hired out between several families for this purpose.

It was the intermittent whirring of a spinning-wheel and the sound of a clear, girlish voice singing snatches of song in the intervals that led me one evening through an opening of a garden wall into the presence of Emily Hagan.

The ancient wheel stood on stubby legs in the shade of the wall, and near it was a primitive chair on which lay a heap of carded rolls of wool, like fluffy tails, ready for spinning. She stared aghast. The shock of my sudden

appearance had checked even the usual impulse to run into the house. The wheel whirled slowly to a standstill; the strand of wool running from her hand to the spool stretched thinner and thinner—and snapped.

"Now you've done it," I said.

Her only answer was a blush that mantled the whole of her ripe-cheeked face. But she dropped her strained immobility and, lowering her eyes, took another fluffy tail of wool from the pile. With fingers that had just learned how to fumble she began to splice it on to the ragged end of the torn strand.

Several more rolls of wool had been spun out when her mother appeared at the half-door at the top of the steps and called: "Hemly, wheah's you' manners, gal? Waffa' you don't hakse anybawdy up the house for a cuppa drink?"

Emily was faced with the ordeal of making the formal offer of hospitality, as instructed by her mother. It came at last in a small, breathless whisper through the spokes of the spinning-wheel. They were the first words I heard her speak: "If you wouldn't moind going up to the house, Momma will make you-all a drink—"

She broke off and stood watching me with an almost anxious expectancy. I gathered that I was intended to climb the steps and enter the house alone. . . .

After three months on Tristan we had contracted the islanders' habit of observing the weather signs of the sea and sky: the ground-swell, the white-caps, the extent of the lee, the direction and speed of the cloud movement. Our gauge of visibility was the grim outline of the neighbouring Inaccessible Island, eighteen miles to the south-west. The islanders made an excursion to Inaccessible early in the year to collect guano. Curiosity made me join them.

The morning was fine and sunny. The women and children on the beach kissed the men goodbye, some tearfully, as if the three or four days' separation might be extended to a lifetime; six boats had been pushed off and pulled clear of the kelp. There we stood by until the women, halted at the top of the bank, had responded to the customary three cheers from the combined crews of the boats.

I was in the Wild Boats, or, as she was more often called, the Long Boat. There were five islanders in the boat, of whom the only one I really knew was Buntzy Rogers, the brother of



Kenneth, our mess-boy. The other hands were two of old Gaeta's sons, Robert and Lawrence Lavarello, with Robert's son Hilden, and a dark, long-faced fellow wearing the discarded cap of a ship's officer: this I learned to be Emily's father, David Hagan. Leaning back in the bows, relaxed to the gentle lurching of the boat, he smoked a pipe and watched with a slow smile but never contributed to the conversation.

It was the middle of the afternoon before Inaccessible began to present itself in clearer detail. Soon we could see the white streak of the waterfall, marking the locality of Salt Beach, where we should land. As we came in closer I noticed trees high up on the "base," larger and more luxuriant than any on the home island. The fall cascaded into a slight bay, hardly a bay at all, a mere indentation of the cliff-face, with a curving ribbon of beach. Around and above us rose the cliffs, echoing to the wild cries of disturbed sea birds.

One after another the boats were run ashore, and the first job to be done when they were all unloaded was to haul them up to the ridge of sloping shingle, where each boat was overturned and canted up at one side, the raised gunwale being propped up by a wall hurriedly constructed of the

biggest stones that could be found. A doorway was left in the front. All the other spaces were blocked in with pebbles.

In this way the boat became a tiny, windowless cottage, with a square hole of a doorway and a high, arched roof of wood and canvas sloping down to the ground at the back. We collected armfuls of tussock and spread them over the pebbles inside to soften the floor that was to be our bed.

There was driftwood along the beach; soon fires were smoking and pots of water and cans of potatoes were on the boil. After the meal I walked on the shore as far as possible—a distance of less than a mile. At a point where the tussock came down to the level of the beach, as if spilled over, I entered and was overtopped by eight-foot grasses. The sea was lost to sight. Stooping under arches of green blades I was met at every turn by indignant penguins that made no effort to move out of my way, sometimes even stretching out their necks to peck vindictively at my legs.

The islanders were already taking advantage of the fine evening to collect guano from the rich deposits which lined the floors of these miniature galleries and green aisles. I came upon them at intervals busy with their

spades filling the bags they had brought with them.

Just behind our camp, near the waterfall, were the remains of a stone-built cottage, the last witness of an attempt which fourteen of the men from Tristan had made, a few years earlier, to start a companion settlement on Inaccessible. The settlers had brought sheep and pigs across from the main island and had built the cottage and a storehouse. The sheep had found their way up on to the plateau, where they thrived; the pigs had become dangerous beasts lurking in the tussock forest. Of the little storehouse only one gable end remained, looking like the forsaken altar of some savage deity.

In the grass about the abandoned hut was to be found the little "island cock," a species of flightless rail which has long been extinct in the rest of the world. Owing to its inability to fly, it cannot migrate even to Tristan or Nightingale Island. It is a black bird with a red bill, similar to a common English moorhen, but smaller. It runs over the pebbles on frail black legs, but is difficult to catch; and it is so delicate that it does not survive in captivity long enough to be carried alive to Tristan.

The second morning brought the inevitable indecision as to whether the wind and sea were suitable for the return voyage to Tristan. There was no need for hurry, it was agreed; the wind was in the wrong quarter, it was agreed; nevertheless, they would attempt the crossing, it was agreed. The huts were demolished, the boats righted, the bags of guano loaded, and one after another the crews pushed off and pulled away to hoist sail.

It took us seven hours to return the distance that we had travelled in three. The boats drifted too far out in the ocean and could find no breeze. When at last we did arrive off Little Beach, we found almost the whole population of Edinburgh Settlement waiting there to welcome us back and to assist in hauling up the loaded boats. I had a sense of homecoming, of being welcomed back in the same terms as the islanders.

NEXT WEEK: I go courting at the home of Emily Hagan

D. M. Booy's book will be published by Dent under the title "Rock of Exile" on May 30, at 25s.

Mrs. Trew puts life in a nutshell

Continued from page 21

business trip to Western Germany. She brought back with her six pieces of equipment worth, with two microfilming machines, about £3,100. She deliberately left the machines unpacked—"I knew they would be more carefully handled like that." As she travelled by train and boat the machines had to be moved several times.

"Mrs. Trew does not speak German, but she can get things done in any language," says a member of her staff. "She had the porters everywhere handling those machines as if they were the Crown Jewels. She got them back here without a scratch on them."

The return of the machines to this country marked the end of one of the most important and complicated jobs ever tackled in Europe. When the Israeli Government decided to erect a building in Jerusalem as a memorial to the suffering of the Jewish people during the past few decades, it wished to include documentary evidence.

The documents, made up of the lists of forty concentration camps, Gestapo deportation lists, slave-labour lists from local authorities, and from numerous other papers taken during the Allied advance, were housed at the headquarters of the International Tracing Service at Arolsen, in Western Germany.

Altogether there were 20 million of them, giving the tragic histories of eight million men, women and children, ninety per cent of them Jewish. The only economical and foolproof method

of copying these documents was to microfilm them.

In the face of international competition Mrs. Trew secured the contract.

She worked fourteen hours a day for six weeks at Arolsen before collapsing with pneumonia and coronary thrombosis. "By then things were going smoothly and I had a staff of twenty-four to carry on without me." The work took a year to complete and the contract was worth £35,000.

"The actual work involved in microfilming varies according to the condition of the documents being filmed," says Mrs. Trew, who claims to be the greatest authority on microfilm in Europe. Clean, flat papers of similar size and thickness can be fed into the 16-mm. high-speed camera at a rate of four thousand an hour. But on many jobs it is necessary to iron documents, or mend them with transparent tape, before they can be filmed.

Once one of Mrs. Trew's operators used a customer's large walk-in safe as a darkroom to process film. He left the door ajar, but one of the firm's employees closed it. Two hours later one of the typists remembered that he had said he would be only five minutes. When the door of the safe was opened he fell out, near to suffocation.

Microfilming of customers' documents is carried out in the strictest confidence. Mrs. Trew insists that all her employees must make a sworn declaration before a commissioner of oaths not to look at what they are copying. When she heard a girl who was to microfilm hospital records say: "Now I'll find out what my aunt is really suffering from," she sacked her on the spot.

The first microphotographs were

made in 1839 by a Manchester optician, J. B. Dancer. He was able to make a twenty-to-one reduction. The most famous nineteenth-century microphotographer was a Frenchman, René Dagron, who, during the siege of Paris in 1870, succeeded in copying 50,000 messages on to a film 2 in. by 1½ in., which was easily carried by one pigeon.

In the second World War the Germans used microfilm for espionage. A page of messages was copied down to a very small size and inserted as a full stop on a postcard or a dot on a stamp. The method was discovered by the Allies, who changed the messages before allowing the cards to proceed.

The extreme in microcopying up to the present was achieved by the Dutch scientist, Goldberg, in 1927, when he

LIES AND LYING—4

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Alexander Pope

produced legible images of a size equivalent to printing fifty complete Bibles in a square inch.

Microcopying was first used for business purposes in America in 1928, and microfilm evidence is now accepted in courts of law.

Mrs. Trew has been in business thirty years. At seventeen she opened a secretarial service opposite the House of Commons. Many famous M.P.s were

among her clients. Throughout the second World War she had an office furniture and typewriter rebuilding factory. She patented several pieces of office equipment.

One was a typewriter keyboard on which people could learn to type, thus releasing typewriters for business use. Soon after she patented this she noticed George Tomlinson, Minister of Education at the time, in the lobby of a provincial hotel.

Mrs. Trew followed him into the lift and succeeded in persuading him that the invention was a good thing. She obtained his permission to say that he had approved it. She still sells this machine in Africa and the West Indies.

Mrs. Trew has done microfilming for individuals as well as businesses and large organizations. Her clients include composers working on arrangements of published tunes, authors and scholars afraid of losing unfinished manuscripts, and women who have their marriage lines or love letters filmed so that they can be worn in a locket or a charm bracelet.

She recently filmed documents relating to the life of an American nun who may be canonized. The film will be sent to the Pope for his use in considering the case.

One day a man went to Mrs. Trew with a collection of photographs of "nudes of all nations," and asked her to copy them on to microfilm. He meant to fit the film into lipsticks and pencils with a lens for viewing. She refused the request on the grounds that it was bad for the prestige of the firm. "He thought he was on to something new, but I told him that René Dagron had done the same thing in Paris in 1860. Only he confined his work to views of the city." THE END

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Shock For Mac
Drunk With Power
Lesson Of The Strike
Bathed In Sunshine
Man Who Went Broke
Down Lovers' Lane
With A Hunted Look
In Nature's Workshop
Dust And Cobwebs

Holidays Are Dear, But
Upset Her
Rang The Bell
Marriage Is A Gamble, So
Worries
In The Top Class
Wise Wife
Looking For Trouble
Knocked Him Cold
At The Hospital Gates

Last six *Examples* are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your *Bullet* as above

In The.....Industry Discourages.....
Penalty For.....To Live In.....
A Few More.....And.....Of Our Time

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EX.	
B.	
EX.	
B.	
EX.	
B.	

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For ten winners of £2 10s. see "Bullets" *Bulletin*. 1,500 new 2-in-1 Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per *Bullet*. Fees submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated June 1), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, May 18, for early news of No. 2,088 result.)

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J.B.

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